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JOHN



BULL

*For the People—the
Right to Justice and Truth.*

*The Paper on which
the Sun Never Sets.*

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

The Jumps.

Nervousness is preventing Cabinet Ministers enjoying carefree holidays. Half their time is being spent at public meetings, "explaining" policy—or lack of it.

Very Busy.

Frenzied preparations are going forward for the Conservative Party conference at Yarmouth at the end of the month. With "Safeguarding" as the chief interest a stormy affair is assured.

We Foresaw It.

Our conclusion years ago that the three-Party system is doomed is justified at every by-election. Solid progress will come when the fact is recognised and the real progressives of all Parties join forces.

Differences.

The Conservative danger is tradition. It dies hard and that is why we get so many die-hards. That they hang like a clog round the neck of Mr. Baldwin is due to his timidity.

Discords.

The danger of Labour is internal disruption. Extremists forget that even idealism needs men of determination and insight to distinguish what is politically effective from what is merely academic.

Zeal.

Of all three Parties, Labour is the most continuously and politically active. That "every Labour vote costs three years' educational effort" is not a mere slogan; but it is a sorry comment on public intelligence.

Our Regret.

The pity is that any votes are won by propagandists. Decisions should be arrived at by personal observation, reading, and thinking.

Too Disgusting.

While pleading with employers to lessen unemployment by "taking on a few more men," the Government is adding to it by dismissing ex-Service men "temporaries" wholesale.

Past Understanding.

Poignancy is given to the tragedy by places being refilled by young persons fresh from school. To turn men from State employment to become rate-relief applicants is "economy" run mad.

The New Gospel.

Wireless, cinema, and Press spread the signing of the Peace Pact as no gospel has ever been spread before. The nations have given themselves a new Commandment.

A Call to Britain.

Statesmen have still the vast task of organising for peace a world hitherto organised for war. And the overwhelming interest of the British Empire is peace.

How the Land Lies.

Holidays send people home thinking, if they use their eyes. In the country anyone can see that a lot more people could live on the land.

The Unjust Stewards.

Cheap and easy access to the land, better transport and marketing of produce—a Government that had tackled these things in earnest would not have to report 1,300,000 people "on the dole."

What About It?

The country feeds the town and buys from it. Townsfolk who want fresh customers and fresher eggs should, before next year's election, put all Parties to the test: "What are you going to do about the land?"

Family Trees.

By linking forestry with small holdings the Forestry Commission raises men as well as timber. Forestry allotments for ten thousand families cost no more than a single battleship. "More woodcraft and less warcraft," say we.

An End to Shams!

"War in Yorkshire," "Battle on Salisbury Plain" were newspaper headlines within a few hours of the Peace Pact ceremony. "Peace manoeuvres," of course; but sham fighting means a sham peace.

With Both Hands.

Splendid weather has crowned farming operations everywhere. Only man's sheer stupidity and selfishness prevent there being plenty of cheap food for everybody everywhere.

Nature Gives.

Canadian wheat crops this year have broken all records, 100,000,000 more bushels than last year being produced. Some of it must brighten winter in the mother-country in the form of cheap loaves.

Pressed Down and—

Other huge crops are of sugar and tea, earth's bounty this year being amazing. Even more amazing is the fact of little children in a civilised country sugar-starved, suffering from malnutrition in the midst of the plenty.

Ham and Eggs.

"Denmark continues its huge production, Holland is sending increased quantities, and Dutch hams find a ready sale" we read. The policy of making this country entirely dependent upon foreign supplies is brilliantly succeeding.

Expert Opinion.

"Sugar and milk form the natural food of infants," declare doctors. It is a dictum that makes the yearly rattling down to weeds of broad acres in this country tantamount to national suicide.

Let in Daylight.

The insistence of Dutch delegates to Geneva that private firms manufacturing armaments shall work on the same publicity footing as State affairs is common-sense. Better still if the whole devil's business was forbidden.

Growing Fit.

The health of the nation, barring stricken districts, is on the upgrade. The demand for clean homes, gardens, and playing-fields is a result of education. People know now that lack is a death bringer.

Stimulation.

"We want one like it" is the cry of kiddies given a pretty model home to study in Bethnal Green Museum. They know they can't have it, but it's the type of education that will change the East End into a decent place one day.

Suggestion.

Three hundred more miners were rendered unemployed when another Burnley pit closed down. If three hundred M.P.s changed places with them we would see something doing when Parliament reassembled.

Shackled.

Rate and rent arrears due to Nantyglo and Blaenau Council reach the colossal sum of £197,086. Those who dismiss mining troubles as only hitting miners should rub their eyes and look at this.

The Downgrade.

A wholesale reduction of wages and increase of hours is the way West Riding farmers propose to combat losses on farming. If they want a short road to quick ruin, they've got it.

Coffins for Living.

When the sunken Italian submarine was brought to the surface thirty corpses of suffocated men were discovered. While nations require men to build and work in such lethal chambers they are neither civilised nor Christian.

Scrubbing for Life.

Women carriage cleaners employed by the Southern Railway are all widows of railwaymen killed in the war. Who not completely insane would not work for peace to keep men at work and women in their homes?

It's Amazing.

Water from a pump inside the school premises at Laverton shows "marked evidence of contamination and is unfit for drinking." That the thing is discussed instead of being instantly closed shows a poor sense of child welfare.

Guns.

Visiting at Glen Aulden, Ramsey, little Laurence Elliot, aged eight, found a gun with which he blew out his eye. The carelessness of people who leave loaded weapons in houses passes sans comprehension.

Fifty more Cheques of £12 each paid to register 1 readers under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance GU! See page 2.

JOHN BULL

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Tea Prices.

Pounded warehouses are bursting with tea stocks costing wholesalers 4d. per pound less than a year ago. Where is the retailers' reduction? Perhaps the Food Council will deign to answer.

Convict's "Century."

We are by no means proud of the Alford justices for sending John Conley on his hundred and eleventh offence to a month's prison for sleeping out. We despise a parrot-like repetition of a hopeless remedy.

Keep Off It.

Fined in 1913 for a similar act Jesse Bradley, of Lincoln, had better keep off robbing allotments in future. To be ordered to pay £3 for pocketing peas value 8d. is a miserable bargain, and just reward for a despicable offence.

Park Litter.

We applaud the principle by which Mrs. Margaret Callinan was fined £1 for absent-mindedly dropping the paper cover of a chocolate box in Kensington Gardens. It is time the public stopped making open spaces its dust-bin.

Personating Police.

"Disgusting" indeed as Mr. Fry, the Bow Street magistrate, described it, was the conduct of Charles Edward Dinant, hotel cellarman who, posing as a police officer, told two women to take him home or be "arrested." A £10 fine is too easy a punishment.

Relief Fraud.

By getting £9 15s. unemployment relief during thirteen weeks he was a cinema night attendant, Albert Dooley, of Liverpool, losing his self-respect and his job, gained a month's prison in exchange. It is such rascals who give their honest fellows an undeserved bad name.

Cardiff's Death-trap.

Deceptively safe looking, covered with grass and flowers, Maundy Pool, Cardiff, is the 90 ft. deep, slimy sepulchre of a dozen victims, including nine children and the eight-year-old Lily Manley. The corporation is lamentably to blame for trusting to filling with refuse instead of fencing.

Scheming Salford.

A motor track one-fifth of a mile long and 36 ft. wide is the latest experiment of the Salford Guardians to provide training in motor and lorry driving for unemployed, many of whom were formerly carters. We admire the enterprise in attempting to avoid the square peg in the round hole. Other cities please copy.

Golden Words.

Soloman spoke with Sir William Joynton-Hicks at Welburn. His admonitions to justices to realise the evil of sending lads to prison, to know the limit of probation and failing it to refrain from giving "one of those ridiculous sentences of two or three weeks" must go straight to the heart of any magistrate who has his soul in his job.

Black Record.

Forgetting his altar vows and his three poor bairns and wife, Ernest C. N. May ran away from Chester-le-Street with a pretty eighteen-year-old girl, and in London carried on a shameful life. His reward is the law's limit—three months' hard. The magistrates who tried him were disappointed they could not make it twelve. So are we.

Rail Risks.

The latest railway disaster at Euston, wherein thirty passengers were injured, is not likely to help the companies to their former prosperity. Time was when such accidents were so rare as to be negligible, but of late they have become sadly too frequent. Can it be that, in the interests of economy, employees are being overworked?

Virtue's Reward.

Handing to the management a £50 note found in the stalls while doing his rounds after a performance of "Clowns in Clover," Fireman Blake received £25 from its American owner. Our compliments to the one for his honesty as to the other for his generosity in giving it an unexpected 50 per cent. dividend.

Workhouse All Wrong.

To turn over a patch of soil to sit on, was Albert Edward Kearsley's idea of obeying the workhouse gardener while an inmate of the Kirkham Poor Law Institution. Though rightly sent to twenty-one days' hard labour for insubordination and idleness, we suggest he might never have exhibited them had the piece of ground been his own.

Kent Carefulness.

While the rest of the country is being ruthlessly spoiled by industrial activities, Kent is developing business but keeping her eyes on beauty preserving meanwhile. Organisation is bringing together the various rural councils to safeguard against blight by ugly buildings and to preserve woodlands. Why cannot similar community feeling be shown everywhere?

Slum Dweller Hits Back.

Six months' hard labour and a £50 fine are merited awards for Harry Humphries, posing as a wholesale merchant in a big way, having acquired £34 worth of potatoes and peas from a Blunham market gardener. Nevertheless, the fact that the offender lodged in a Northampton slum should give those who rightly connect conditions with crime something to think about.

The Human Machine

ALL THERE IS!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

ARE you one of the people who go rushing round saying, "I haven't time"? You know what I mean. Someone asks you to do something or to go somewhere and you say hastily, "I haven't time!"

You say it—and what is worse you think you mean it.

You do! You really have the nerve to say and believe that you haven't time!

Now how can you possibly believe that? For you have all the time there is. The whole future belongs to you.

Just think of it—time is the one thing you cannot waste in advance. You can waste the minute you are living in now, but you cannot waste the minute after until it comes.

And however many minutes you waste there are always some more coming along for you to employ.

That is why to say you haven't time is just simply silly. The man who says he hasn't time is really saying that he doesn't know how to use the time he has.

YOU will never have any more time than you have now. You have always had all the time there is. You always will have all the time there is.

You have and always will have twenty-four hours a day—and, more wonderful still, you can do with those hours just what you like.

But that is all you have. You will never have twenty-five hours in a day. That is why you must never waste time.

The best way to be happy that I know is to try and cram twenty-five hours into the twenty-four.

You will be so busy that you will forget to be miserable!

Needless Risk.

Both William Cockson and his wife, of Cliff Street, Preston, were badly burned and Mrs. Cockson later died as a result of pouring petrol from one bottle to another over a sink while a lighted candle burned near. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that it is the vapour given off that is inflammable.

Beer for Babies.

"Can't we do what we like with our children?" remonstrated Beatrice Low, a Newark mother, at having to pay costs for being charged with giving beer, outside a public-house, to her kiddies in the perambulator. If parents would realise children are not possessions but trusts to be cared for, much harm might be saved.

Providing for Fuss.

We like the sound of Mr. Hanbury, J.P. Appealed to by Benjamin Taylor, sentenced at Abergavenny to a month's imprisonment as to "what was to happen to his cats" he ordered a milkman to supply them daily at the magisterial expense. Justice will never suffer for being dealt out by men instead of machines.

Brutality at Brum.

When we hear of districts in Birmingham being "terrorised" by hoodigan gangs who assault old people, cripples, and even little children with fist irons we almost feel it a pity that the old days of revivalism have been lost. For they who would hurt the old and weak will not be cured by punishment. They need awakening to a sense of shame.

Alarming Report.

The Home Office report of the increase of the horrible vice of methylated spirit drinking must be followed by prompt measure to render the stuff undrinkable. There must also be a bright look-out kept on the hole-and-corner methods by which it is supplied to victims. Any cost would be compensated for by the fewer lunatics which have later to be kept at public expense.

Coward or Hero?

When a poor chap had fallen into the local canal and was drowning, two Dukinfield cowards made no real attempt to save him from death. How different was it at Topley Pike, Buxton, where a terrier dog was trapped by falling earth, and Mr. Sully, the garage proprietor, and passing by moved two tons of rock and debris to set it free. We know whose conscience we would care to own.

Roses, Roses all the Way.

Alderman Cant, of Colchester, began growing roses on one acre of land when he was seventeen years of age, since when he won 4,000 prizes in open professional competition. Now he is dead, and fifty employees of the great company of which he was head dropped white rose blooms on his coffin while his coffin and grave were a bower of roses. To fill the land with roses is to leave behind a very lovely memory.

Too Light Sentence.

A sorry sense of public duty was evidenced by John Shopland, of Oakleigh, near Launceston who sold milk heavily diluted with water and milk from a cow with a diseased udder which he confessed "unfit for human consumption." As this was a second offence the Bench marked their opinion of his excuse that the liquid was "intended for calves" by fining him £20. He should have got six months.

Caught in the Toils.

Deceived by the glitter of a charming personality that lacked the sterling of honesty, Edith Buckley married her husband only to become charged with him for theft from an offering box at Grimsby parish church. While John Buckley is serving a merited six months' hard labour for this and similar offences, cannot his wife, lucky to escape with being bound over to resolve never again to be a partner in crime?

The Stickit Firm.

Pleasant relations prevail between employers and employed at Charles Clifford and Son, the oldest wire and tube manufacturers in Birmingham. Among the 200 employed are eight men still working with over fifty years' service and eleven with over forty years' service to their credit. Very heartily do we congratulate both sides.

By the Porter.

The plea to "give him a chance and he would never steal again" did not save Walter Whelan, a Birmingham porter convicted of stealing a roll of cloth from the G.W.R. goods depot where he was employed. He has gone to prison for six weeks' hard labour. He ought to have been put on probation and given a chance to repay. Prison merely leaves his wife and three young children destitute.

And Tape Ruthlessness.

Of high personal character and with a wife and five children to support, Mr. Andrew Low, of Perth, must remain unemployed because after passing all necessary examinations he cannot take up the job of postman as he is one inch "too short"! That he served as a soldier from 1915 to the end of the war, besides having four and a half years as auxiliary postman in Perth to his credit, adds to the bitter injustice.

Cheap Sport.

Vandalism is prevalent, and will not be suppressed until magistrates in dealing with culprits caught in the act are less lenient than the Northampton bench. A couple of sovereigns fine makes practical joking a cheap sport for offenders like the Darlington pair, William Moses and Leonard F. Thomson. Chipping battle monuments with a hammer is an entertainment magistrates should discourage very drastically.

Miners' Conditions.

Miners living two and a half miles from the pit show double the voluntary absenteeism of those living one and a half miles. Again, men who walk 2,800 yards underground show 58 per cent. more absenteeism than those who walk 1,330 yards. We are indebted to the Industrial Fatigue Research Board's report for proving that extended mechanical transport and improved housing conditions are absolutely essential to prosperity in the coalfields.

By the Mayor!

The London spinster who has written to the Mayor of Portsmouth asking him to find her a husband has the courage of her sex. But it is to be hoped the good gentleman will drop her communication into the w.p.b. A woman with a home, able to earn a living as a furrier, who invites a stranger to share it on the strength of "being all alone" is simply asking for a slacker to keep. Romance is not found by losing sight of common-sense.

Crushed.

Brokenhearted because, after drawing twenty-two weeks' unemployment pay, he received the Labour Ministry's official letter stating that from August 2 he did not satisfy the statutory condition of "genuinely seeking work," Herbert William Millard, aged 58, an unemployed saw-mills machinist, threw himself into the Thames at Lambeth. Why, instead of being a juggernaut to override the sensitive, cannot bureaucracy deal humanely with a depressing problem.

Workless Hero.

"In my opinion it requires greater courage to rescue people from a burning building than from drowning," declared Mr. Hay Halkett in presenting Henry Charles Lord, of Marylebone, with certificates from the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire and the Carnegie Hero Trust fund. Lord climbed a 30 ft. stackpipe to save a man trapped in a house in flames. We wonder the magistrate called to point out the disgrace of leaving this unemployed young goods-porter without a job.

The Tortoise Trickster.

From an address in Bradford an enterprising trickster is sending out circulars by hand advising people to invest in a lucky charm which takes the form of a cabalistic tortoise. How such impudent imposters find sufficient victims to make the game worth the candle is a source of never-failing wonder.

A Sinister Advertisement.

Advertising under the monomark B.M. FAEG, a "travelled, educated bachelor" is seeking the "early friendship" of a congenial lady of any nationality to accompany him on a motor tour. He states that culture will be appreciated, but that suggestions will be welcomed, and adds that means are essential unless the applicant happens to be "quite young." This sinister advertisement should never have been accepted.

The Lure of Silk Stockings.

Numerous housewives in the North of England have been induced to purchase shampoo powders from travelling representatives of the Hygiene Toilet Manufacturing and Research Company, of 124, St. Mary's Road, Sheffield, and are now loudly complaining. The inducement was a promise of a "free gift" of silk stockings, but the stockings have not materialised and the company is not to be found at the Sheffield address.

More Black Marks.

Alfred Marks, Ltd., of Old Bond Street, continues its merry game, and, in addition to bilking winners, even attempts to dun the losers. One reader who had backed a loser each way honourably remitted the money and was astonished subsequently to receive an account for the same item. He naturally ignored it, and Alfred Marks Ltd., is now pressing him through a debt collecting concern. He should ignore this threat also.

A Clever Confidence Trick.

A Walthamstow forage merchant was out on his round when a stranger accosted him and asked for a quotation. He intimated that he would be placing an order and asked the merchant to write down his address, which he did. The stranger then called at the merchant's home and obtained 26s. from the latter's wife on the strength of a well-told tale and inspiring confidence by flourishing the slip of paper he had so craftily obtained. He gave the name of Fowler, and he certainly could not practise fouler methods.

A Case for Caution.

In writing to a Continental hotel proprietor who had been asked to submit his tariff, Messrs. Sealand Tours, of 4, York Road, King's Cross, London, spoke of the "growth" of their business and their "commodious" offices. Enquiry at the address in question, however, shows that it is a tobacconist's shop that is merely used for the receipt of correspondence. Moreover, Sealand Tours is not a registered business name and the printed notepaper omits to furnish particulars of the proprietors. It is clearly a case for caution.

With the Accent on the Care!

The Primitive Methodist church at Norwood wants a new caretaker. He must keep church, schoolroom and vestries clean and prepare same for all meetings and services. He must tend the heating apparatus, and superintend the lighting. Gardens and paths must be kept tidy, floors must be scrubbed, windows cleaned, outbuildings tidied. He must arrange for all teas, suppers and concerts and provide all cleaning requisites out of his own pocket. The church will reward him with 28s. per month for six months and 40s. for the remaining half of each year. There are no living quarters! But who could live on such a pittance?

Widenwake "John Bull" readers have already won £31,652 in "Bullets" cash prizes this year. Be quick and win that £500 on page 35.

Problems of Life

The World Beyond

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IT is a commonplace that all the idealism of which we are capable can be comprised under the three heads of the true, the beautiful, and the good. We cannot imagine anything desirable that lies beyond the limits of these three, which indeed are fundamentally one.



Dr. R. J. Campbell

The astounding achievements of modern science, for example, have been made possible by the earnest and persistent pursuit of truth. The typically scientific mind is a mind that will never juggle with the truth.

A person with the eye of an artist will see beauty where others might miss it and be pained by the presence of things ugly and sordid. One with an ear for music will be thrilled by the grandeur of a Wagner opera or lifted out of himself by a Beethoven symphony which breathes of things unutterable. A deed of moral heroism, when perceived for what it is, exalts the whole life of a community. Most of all, perhaps, if any of us is privileged to know that rare thing a perfect mutual love, we know ourselves to be somehow the bigger and the better for it; life is enhanced thereby. These are experiences which in some degree come to everybody; no one is altogether without them.

WE do not know, and cannot know, what it would mean to be in full possession of the true, the beautiful, and the good; but we do know that the purest joy we ever taste in life derives from the glimpses we get of them.

This is an undeniable fact, and goes to prove that we are more than creatures of this world; our true home is in a higher.

The more conscious we are of the influence of these spiritual values upon us, and the more responsive we become to them, the more deeply we realise that we belong to something better than this world at its best can ever provide.

As Sir William Watson puts it:

Strange the world about me lies,
Never yet familiar grown—
Still disturbs me with surprise,
Haunts me like a face half known.
So, between the starry dome
And the floor of plains and seas,
I have never felt at home,
Never wholly been at ease.

Look for your comfort in what is more of heaven than of earth.

You know well enough even now that the most enduring kind of happiness life can give is the happiness that springs from the unselfish service of the true and beautiful and good.

Go on seeking these with all your heart, for they are imperishable. They are the tokens and foretaste of the world that lies beyond all change, decay, and death.

It is the real world of which our present abode is but the shadow.



Commodore H. Douglas King, C.B.,
M.P., Secretary for Mines

An APPALLING INDUSTRIAL SCANDAL

Maimed Miners' Tragic Plight

The case of the Lewis Merthyr Consolidated Collieries, Ltd., is but one—but a very pointed—example of the injustice that is rife.

Compensation ceased to be paid to over six hundred (the cases date back as far as 1912) on Good Friday last and, although the Receivers stated that "if the cessation of these weekly payments is likely to cause unnecessary hardship and distress" (as if it wouldn't!) they might recommend the payment of money on account pending the final awards of the assessor.

They were obliged, however, to rely on the Guardians to grant them relief, such money to be refunded up to the extent of the final award.

Years old scandal

The relief, we understand, averages about £1 a week, out of which many have to support a wife and family.

So pathetic are many of the cases that it would take considerable space to describe them. There is, for example, the case of a young man of twenty-six or twenty-seven. He had worked all his working life in the pit, and two years ago he lost his left leg underground and was awarded 30s. a week compensation.

Now, with a wife and two children, his prospects are a lump sum of a few hundred pounds, which he is rapidly mortgaging to the Guardians, and little or no opportunity of ever securing employment in the mining industry.

There is a man of forty-eight, who is paralysed from the waist downwards, there is a boy of sixteen with leg injuries—too many distressing cases to quote. Hundreds are suffering from the dread nystagmus—the eye complaint contracted underground and which renders chances of future employment doubtful.

For years this compensation scandal has been going on. As far back as June, 1924, a colliery was closed at Corrwg Vale. A receiver was appointed and compensation was paid until October, 1925. Since that time not a penny has been received by the unfortunate afflicted.

Among the claimants at that colliery is a man who, in an accident, was rendered totally blind, and another who lost his leg. What sort of hell have these men been living in during the last three years?

Inhuman negligence

Let us transfer our attention to the Glyncoerrwg and Abergwynfi collieries, which closed down in April, 1925. Payments were made for a period and then ceased.

And this is the tragedy of it. The receiver is still in charge, while ninety-five victims of the grim underworld of coal await for whatever is to happen, as the grey months drag on into hopeless years.

The case of Argoed Colliery is even more pathetic and poignant. The colliery closed in July, 1927. Compensation was paid for about a month and then ceased. But there are no available assets and the men will never receive a single penny more.

In one of the above instances a woman was awarded £600 for the loss of her husband. She received only £150 and cannot expect another penny. More tragic still, for an only son, nothing was ever received.

The Imperial Navigation Co., Ltd., which shut down in November, 1927, has not paid compensation since January this year.

Lump sum settlements were negotiated, but such payments are unlikely until the firm is finally wound up.

On whose conscience can such an inhuman, intolerable state of affairs lie with ease?

A living insult

Could anything be more terribly tragic than the case we have mentioned of the blind man at Corrwg Vale? Robbed of his sight he is left to his despair. The widow mentioned above is left to a husbandless, soulless home—if home it could be called.

And how are the hundreds of others left? Mental anguish is piled thick and heavy upon physical torture. Broken in health, many broken in body, they are left to wait the approach of the cold hand of alleged comfort that may—or may not—reward their patience with a lump sum.

What an exchange for eye or limb or nerve! A miserable "lump sum"; paying off a broken worker of Britain with relentless disregard that few would employ in paying off a dishonest and discredited servant. Apart from the stress it brings to the victims it is a living insult to every man who hews from the coal-face of a British pit. It might be the other man's turn next.

An obvious remedy

The remedy, as we have already declared, is as obvious as the complaint. While we are far from suggesting that such occurrences could possibly happen in the majority of collieries, and while we admit that most take ample precaution, a single case is one too many. There must never be another.

Every miner who takes his life in his hands, who risks his limbs and his health, whose family share that risk, must be protected. The insurances of the collieries must definitely be "pooled" under statutory pressure.

There must be no repetition of such soulless events. The mining industry is rich enough and the country humane enough to blot them out for ever.

The Warlord Landlord

Tenant's Bitter Experience

THE War Office has acquired large slices of England from time to time for military purposes. In this way it has become the landlord of houses and farm buildings as well as the land. But the moral obligations of a landlord appear to find no place in the official mind.

Mr. Henry John Webb is an Essex farmer. In 1916, being over military age, he returned from war service to the land, and rented the Roman Hill farm house at Blackheath, Colchester, from the War Office.

High-handed action

As there was no land except a small paddock and orchard attached to the farmhouse, he rented in addition grazing and haymaking rights over 643 acres of military land.

About a tenth part of this land lay behind the farmhouse and was separated from the remainder by a road. It was also hedged and fenced, access from the road being provided by four gates.

When the fencing needed repairing the farmer was allowed to draw timber from the military stores for this purpose.

In its agreement with Mr. Webb the War Office reserved all shooting and sporting rights except the ferreting and shooting of rabbits. Army officers and their friends enjoyed the sporting rights and shot over the land regularly.

One fine morning in that month parties of troops appeared and without warning proceeded to demolish the fences and hedges of the enclosed land. When Mr. Webb asked for an explanation of this high-handed and unexpected procedure he was told military requirements demanded it.

No compensation

Before nightfall Mr. Webb was forced to remove his sheep and cattle and find other accommodation for them. The farm was rendered useless to him and he had no option but to give it up.

Although not entitled to any compensation under his agreement in which the War Office had reserved the right to do any damage it liked the farmer felt that he had been badly treated after eleven years' tenancy.

He accordingly wrote to Sir Laming Worthington-Evans on February 11, 1927, and asked for compensation for the serious losses he had sustained.

It was not until June 8 of this year that Sir Laming found himself unable to agree with Mr. Webb that his treatment by the military authorities was "very harsh and unworthy of a Government department."

Mr. Webb has given up farming in disgust after having spent all his life on the land.

After twelve months' correspondence with the War Office he thinks that this department should be taught that ownership of land carries responsibilities as well as rights.

PARLIAMENT is on holiday. Some of the famous six hundred have crossed the Channel to Continental fun-resorts: some have spanned the oceans in luxury liners to the new world: all are at leisure with the means of enjoying that leisure.

We wish we could transport the Whitehall six hundred to Pontypriid, South Wales, and there introduce them to another six hundred that are also on holiday.

But what a holiday!

Some are sick, some maimed, some half-blind. All are workless, many friendless, all eking out a miserable, degrading existence on the few odd shillings a week doled out to them by reluctant Guardians.

And yet all of these men have lost their health or had their bodies wrecked underground in the coal-pits in the service of industrial Britain. They are wounded trade soldiers without pension.

They had been awarded, and had been drawing, the compensation to which they were properly entitled, but, under a state of affairs that should never be allowed to exist in any enlightened country, that compensation has ceased to be paid.

Poignant distress

They are flung on the mercy of the Guardians. And, as if that were not enough, are faced with the grim fact that the paltry pittance they receive must eventually be repaid out of any lump sum they may eventually receive in lieu of regular compensation.

We feel that the Whitehall six hundred would return fired with a determination to frame such legislation as would render such horrid injustice impossible.

Mine owners should be compelled to "pool" their insurance, so that the failure of any single colliery should not spell disaster to those drawing compensation to which they are properly entitled. The Workmen's Compensation Act in this respect requires drastic readjustment.

And, in the meantime, pending such legislation, the responsibility of these industrial wrecks is clearly a burden that must be shouldered by the State. The need is urgent, for the distress is poignant.

The STAINED RED JACKET

Disgraceful Hunt Story A FARMER PAYS THE PRICE

AN Englishman's home is his castle." So they used to say. Farmer James Frogley, of Manor Farm, Draycote, near Rugby, is wondering what it all means.

Farmer Frogley is an unmarried man, a soft-spoken, unassuming, country-bred son of Britain's open spaces, a man of the grazing field, the corn-crop, and the open farm-house gate.

What he wants to know is why, owning a farm, his own land, free from the petty tyrannies of the landed gentry, he should submit, without protest, to the invasion of hunters who smash his hedges and fences, frighten his sheep and lambs, and contravene his own demand that the Hunt should not enjoy itself on his property.

We are inclined to agree that Farmer Frogley has a genuine grievance. We are also inclined to suggest that blood-sport patrons will hasten to disagree.

To obviate the differentiation we propose to tell the truth about the matter, supplemented by a few plain truths that the humble farmer will touch for.

An astonishing indictment

We are asked to believe, for instance, that Farmer Frogley is a cruel man. In fact, if police court judgments stand for anything, we have got to believe it. At the instance of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he has been fined £25 for cruelty to a dog.

He shot a dog, wounded it—and the dog died.

We may be forgiven if we suggest that dog versus British tradition and liberty is a big issue. We may be excused if we ask whether the hunting crop is more important than the crop.

Farmer Frogley, objecting to his land being over-run by hunting folk, as he was legally and properly entitled to do, posted a notice warning the Warwickshire Hunt not to trespass on his land.

Plain warning

He further wrote to the Master of the Warwickshire Hunt, as follows:

"I am writing to you as Master of the Warwickshire Hunt to give you notice not to come on this farm when hunting, or to allow your servants or hounds to do so. Any hounds coming on will be immediately shot. I trust you will observe this warning."

This is plain English. This is a statement from one Englishman to another. What it meant was: "Have your hunt if you must, but leave my land alone."

The warning having been issued, a hound was found encroaching on Farmer Frogley's land.

Farmer Frogley saw the animal in the middle of a field, moving towards his sheep. At that time he had fifty-nine ewes in lamb.

Remembering the fact that hounds go to the hunt hungry, he shot the dog deliberately. The fact that he did not shoot it dead was an error of sight, and not an error of intention.

What happened then? The R.S.P.C.A., which has recently come into prominence by virtue of the troubles of its aristocratic sponsors, decided that Farmer Frogley was

guilty of causing "unnecessary suffering to a dog by shooting and wounding it."

Mr. A. T. Wise and his brother magistrates, Mr. C. W. Browning and Col. Biddulph, concurred in this amazing view, and the farmer was fined £25.

And that is not all.

The presiding magistrate went out of his way to inform the farmer that "if you are brought up again for a similar offence you are liable for a term of imprisonment."

Jail for being British! Do they hunt the fox or the farmer?

More still. The value of the killed hound was assessed at £100, and Farmer Frogley had to pay up.

Shocking victimisation

This, in spite of the fact that an expert engaged by his own solicitors valued the dog at about £40, and also in spite of the fact that we happen to know ourselves that from £70 to £80 per working couple is a fair average price for working couples of hounds. It all depends on breeding, of course, but there it is—£70 to £80 a pair.

Farmer Frogley has been fined before for shooting at a hound, but we hope that, in spite of the injustice done to him, he will not be penalised if he shoots another.

The obvious fact that occurs to us is that he cannot shoot a hound if he does not see one. And what legal or logical right have huntsmen to send a hound on to his property we fail to see.

Cannot the select and elect death-hunters break their necks over hedges on their own land, or frighten the



Lord Banbury, Chairman of the R.S.P.C.A.

animals they keep for their own pleasure rather than the hedges that a genuine worker keeps for purposes of utility and the animals he keeps for profit personally and benefit nationally?

This is by no means the only case of a victimised farmer. There are many more with, unfortunately, less grit to oppose the invader and the aggressor.

Broken hedges mean stray cattle. Cut wire means expense. Frightened stock means trouble and expense.

There is no redress for the farmer save legal advice and the limelight of the courts. And legal advice costs money and the limelight of the courts is unpleasant.

Why should the farmer be black-mailed by his superiors into suffering the infringement of his rights?

We wonder what would happen if a number of gentry on horses cut the wires of your chicken-run without excuse or apology, or smashed down your garden hedge?

Do they hunt the fox or the farmer? If they must hunt, can't they hunt in home territory?

An INSULT to a FAMOUS PHYSICIAN

The Ministry that Knows Better

MR. A. A. LAMMAS, of Leytonstone, fought for his country from January, 1915, until the conclusion of the Great War, and he was not released until April, 1919. Since then he has been waging a double battle against ill-health and injustice.

A war-broken man

Prior to enlisting, Mr. Lammas had no lung trouble whatever, but during his military service he was three times stricken down with pleurisy.

A few weeks after demobilisation he was again laid up with pleurisy, and applied to his local pensions office for treatment allowance. After some delay, he was put on a weekly allowance for a period of twelve months, dating from the time of his discharge.

In December, 1925, his disability returned and he was granted retrospective treatment allowance for the period he was ill and unable to work.

In May, 1927, he had another attack of pleurisy, while in the London Hospital, recovering from the effects of an operation. He was too ill to make application for treatment allowance at the time, but he ventured to do so in September, 1927.

In the following month he underwent a searching examination at the London Hospital by Lord Dawson of Penn, who was of the opinion that the repeated attacks of pleurisy were a legacy of his war service.

Very cautious

This fact Mr. Lammas promptly put forward in support of his claim, but in a letter dated January 6 of this year, the Chief Area Officer for the South-West Essex branch of the Ministry of Pensions displayed remarkable caution.

He stated that before making any recommendation the War Pensions Committee thought it would be advisable for Mr. Lammas to obtain

some written statement from Lord Dawson. If he would do this the Committee would be "pleased to go further into the matter."

A fine letter

The result was an encouraging letter from Lord Dawson himself, who expressed the hope that Mr. Lammas would be successful. "Please do not think that there is any barrier between your position and mine," he wrote. "A doctor knows no barriers—nor should anyone, and least of all could there be any barrier between people who fought for a common cause in the Great War."

But Lord Dawson did more than pen this fine-spirited letter. He went to the trouble of summarising the case of Mr. Lammas in a lengthy report containing the phrase:

"It is therefore a just inference that the present condition of his lungs is the result of the pleurisy contracted during his war service. Therefore, the

statement that I made: 'That there is not the slightest doubt that your complaint is due to war service brought about by repeated attacks of pleurisy' is wholly justified."

This document was duly forwarded to the War Pensions Committee in February of this year, but the months drifted by, and the only satisfaction that Mr. Lammas could obtain was a brief note to the effect that his case was "under consideration."

Glaring injustice

Now, a letter from the Ministry of Pensions, dated August 18, explains that the authorities are unmoved by the evidence that has been put forward, and cling to the view that the present condition of Mr. Lammas constituted "an entirely fresh disability."

With this glaring case before us we tremble for other sufferers who may have weaker yet equally deserving claims!

DENTISTS with the TOOTHACHE

A Very Mixed Grill

FROM time to time we have found it necessary to comment upon the topsy-turvy policy of the Dental Board of the United Kingdom when taking disciplinary action against professional offenders, and the case of Mr. William Birkett, of Poplar, is one that should be made public.

Mr. Birkett had his name erased from the register of the Dental Board for failing to complete certain work for which he had been paid. This charge was proved in May, 1926, when other charges to the effect that he had canvassed and advertised were taken into consideration.

Since then Mr. Birkett has been fighting for reinstatement without success. The first charge of having failed to provide a denture for an insured person was the one that was taken as being most serious, and Mr. Birkett's contention was that the omission was due to confusion between two patients of the same name.

Condemned to starve

He subsequently made restitution by refunding the amount in dispute—a matter of £2 10s.—to the Friendly Society concerned. Later he also approached the patient in question and freely offered to forward the denture; but this offer was not taken advantage of, and of course Mr. Birkett could do no more.

By being "struck off the register," Mr. Birkett found himself in a terrible quandary. He had a wife and five children to support, yet the Board's ruling meant that he must abandon the profession that he had followed all his life!

No one will blame him for not wishing to see his children starve, and with the conviction that he had been the victim of a miscarriage of justice, Mr. Birkett continued to practise dentistry.

Instantly the Board was on his track, and four summonses were taken out against him. In one instance he was fined £40, but the other summonses were dismissed.

Senseless persecution

Early this year Mr. Birkett formed a limited company known as Messrs. Birketts (Dentists), Ltd., and a certificate was issued, signed by Mr. Norman C. King, Registrar.

Mr. Birkett also applied for reinstatement upon the register and was informed by Mr. King that his application would be in order and would be placed before the Board at the next session.

Then, on May 10, this year the Board presented Mr. Birkett with another bombshell in the form of four more summonses. The first related to "the practice of dentistry in contravention of the provision of Section 1 of the Dentists Act, 1921," the second was amplified by the phrase "not being registered in the Dentists

Register"; the third and fourth referred to holding himself out "as practising or as being prepared to practise dentistry."

All four summonses were dismissed! By this time, Mr. Birkett was becoming more alarmed at the Board's attitude and he was further harassed on being informed by the Registrar that his application for reinstatement would not be considered until the November Session of the Board. In the meantime, Mr. Birkett must fend for his wife and family as best he can!



Mr. William Birkett.

Mr. Birkett eventually laid his case before Mr. Will Thorne, J.P., M.P.

"It does seem to me," wrote Mr. Thorne, "that you are being persecuted without any real cause. If a Trade Union was to deal with any of its members in the same way as the Dental Board has been dealing with you, there would be a universal outcry."

Messrs. Dilly and Dally

Now let us compare Mr. Birkett's case with that of a Tooting dentist who appeared before the Dental Board in June of this year on a similar charge of having failed to supply an insured person with dentures that had been duly paid for.

The Board found that this man's name should be erased from the register, though there was no complainant, and the dentist himself was not present to answer the charge.

When this finding was considered by the General Medical Council, however, the opinion was expressed that further enquiry was necessary.

The Board, consequently, reconsidered the case, and this time the dentist appeared to defend himself. The case was deliberated in camera, and then the chairman announced that the Board had changed its mind and had decided not to erase the offender's name from the register, after all. Could anything be more ludicrous?

But the Dental Board's standards of professional and unprofessional conduct seem to be strangely mixed. Recently it had to pass judgment upon a dentist who had been convicted in the police court for running his premises "as a common gaming house." It merely placed him on probation for a year!

What useful purpose can the Dental Board serve by conducting its duties on the above erratic lines?

A TRUST to DISTRUST

Don't Bite Adam's Apple

A FEW weeks ago an advertisement appeared in a daily newspaper offering a guaranteed salary of £250 a year, plus bonus and commission, to men prepared to invest £150.

Applicants were favoured with a lengthy reply on elaborately engraved notepaper, headed The Lauzun Trust, Ltd., 26, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, and marked "Private and Confidential."

It was intimated that the appointment referred to a publishing and printing organisation, with which the Lauzun Trust was "in association."

"This company," the letter ran, "is well established, and is now developing certain special provincial publications and journals in which guaranteed National Advertising is subsidised by a limited amount of localised advertising."

Alluring prospects

The appointment offered, it seems, is in connection with securing this "limited amount of local advertising." An encouraging note was imparted by the statement that the "first initial minimum circulation is 400,000 copies under contract with one of the largest firms of retail distributors in England."

Prospects were also held out of an income of £500 a year, with possibilities of doubling that figure. Meanwhile, the £150 to be invested would be in 8½ per cent. preference shares.

At subsequent interviews which readers of this journal have had with officials of the Lauzun Trust it has been disclosed that the "well-established" publishing and printing concern is the Adam Howard Advertising, Ltd., of 7, New Square, London, W.C.

This company, we find, was registered in August, 1926, with a nominal capital of £1,500 in £1 shares. The sole director is a Mr. Alan Howard Adams, who also officiates as secretary.

On March 1 of this year Mr. Adams was in communication with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and wrote in the following strain:

"In reply to your application for the annual list of members for this company, your form has been sent to R. Walford White, Esq., of 26, Buckingham Gate, S.W., who will no doubt be forwarding you this list in the course of the next day or so."

Misleading statements

Why a secretary of a limited company should be unable to furnish the requisite information direct is difficult to say, and, in any case, his recommendation to Mr. White seems to have carried matters no further, for, after a lapse of six months, no allotments of shares have yet been filed!

The statements made by the Lauzun Trust, therefore, seem to be exaggerated. It is obviously mis-

leading to say that a company with no working capital is "well established."

But what of the Lauzun Trust itself? We fear that its position is no stronger.

It was registered early last year, with a nominal capital of £1,000 in £1 shares, with the ambitious objects of operating as "bankers, capitalists, financiers, concessionaires and merchants, and to undertake, carry on and execute all kinds of financial, commercial trading and other operations."

We know them!

So far as the records at Somerset House show, no directors have been appointed and no allotment of shares has been made.

Last November Mr. White wrote to Somerset House to say that the company had not started business and accordingly had not elected any directors.

Presumably its activities in seeking investors on behalf of the Adam Howard Advertising, Ltd., represents a commencement of "business" and the Registrar will doubtless press for the long-outstanding particulars.

Frankly, we do not like the look of things at all. To begin with, Mr. Reginald Walford White is an ex-solicitor who was struck off the rolls in May of the present year, and he is in association with a Mr. D. A. Walters, who acts as Manager for the Lauzun Trust.

Both gentlemen have come under our notice before, and were jointly associated with a concern known as the A. and F. Syndicate, Ltd., which also operated from 26, Buckingham Gate.

This precious Syndicate was endeavouring, earlier in the year, to obtain sums of £50 from members of the public in an exceptionally impudent rump.

A case for action

And a year after the A. and F. Syndicate was formed, Mr. White was offering the Registrar of Joint Stock companies the identical excuse given in regard to the Lauzun Trust—that no directors had been elected because the company had not started business!

The similarity is borne out to the end, in fact, for at the time that the A. and F. Syndicate was trying to extract money from the public no return of directors had been filed at Somerset House.

The misuse of the machinery of the Companies Acts to create the appearance of an established and well-founded business where little or no legitimate business exists, coupled with the omission to comply with the requirements of the regulations, is a matter which the authorities should take up without delay.

VICAR'S SHAMEFUL LETTER

County Cricket Sensation
DON'T FORGET the SHILLING!



Mr. J. C. White, Captain of the Somerset County Cricket Club

WE sincerely trust that the "cricketing" vicar of All Saints, Clevedon, Somerset, is feeling as sorry for himself as we feel for him. Indeed, we hope that he is rapidly repenting of a breach of sportsmanship and good taste into which his views on marriage and morality have landed him.

It happened that, in December last year, a member—a prominent member—of the Somerset team petitioned before Mr. Justice Hill for the dissolution of his marriage with his wife, on the grounds of her misconduct at a Charing Cross hotel with a man unknown.

No defence was entered, and the Judge accordingly pronounced a decree nisi.

Little prominence was given to the divorce in the Press—The Times, indeed, dismissing the case in eleven lines. The Daily Mail found room only for five lines.

Naturally, there was a certain amount of comment in Somerset, but the matter was rapidly forgotten, and the honour of the great county eleven did not suffer one iota.

A damp squib

In August this year, the Rev. A. E. Crowder—the vicar in question—decided, for peculiar reasons of his own, based, possibly, on the fact that his name appears among the list of members on page 121 in the 1927 year book of the Somerset County Cricket Club, to drop his "bombshell."

That that "bombshell" has fizzled out like a damp squib we are not surprised. The only damage it is likely to do is to the sporting reputation of the vicar.

Briefly, the vicar designed a circular which we venture to describe as one of the most extraordinary documents ever issued in connection with first-class cricket in this country.

Marked "Private and confidential," it was printed on a single sheet of notepaper in imitation typescript, was addressed from the All Saints Vicarage, Clevedon, and signed by the Rev. A. E. Crowder in his official capacity.

The letter, in its opening stages, invited the recipient to "sign the accompanying petition and also to secure the signatures of any of your friends who are members of the Club."

Unwarrantable interference

That petition, which was to be returned to the vicar ("from whom additional copies may be obtained"), stated: "We, the undersigned members of the Somerset County Cricket Club, respectfully submit that, in view of recent events, Mr. — ought not to continue to represent the County in the cricket field, and we desire an assurance that no further invitation to play will be extended to Mr. —."

"We would far rather see our county lose every match during the season than that it should sacrifice the tradition of clean sportsmanship which it has maintained in the past."

The vicar, in his accompanying letter already referred to, explains (not quite accurately, we are afraid) that at the "close of the 1927 cricket season Mr. —, a member of the county team, divorced his wife, the co-respondent being Mr. —, also a member of the team. Early in May Mr. — was married to Mrs. — at St. Martin's Register Office, Strand, London."

The vicar, we suggest, hardly displayed the courage of his convictions

or of straightforward moral comment in withholding the name of the petitioner and his wife and only mentioning the name of the attacked cricketer. (We, in our references above, have suppressed the names of all parties.)

He adds that the facts were reported in the Press all over the country, and it was "generally assumed that Mr. — would not again appear in first-class cricket."

Following which he means the fact that Mr. — had played for Somerset in three more matches, and also at Lord's!

We should have thought, by the way, that this would have deterred the reverend gentleman from interfering with the affairs of the club.

The second portion of his remarkable letter is a rare piece of rhetoric.

He must apologise

He refers, quite unnecessarily, to Somerset's clean record, appealing for it to be kept "unsullied," and adds: "We expect our county team to carry on the public school and university tradition of honour and morality."

We note that he took up "this unpleasant matter with extreme diffidence and reluctance, and solely in the interests of our great national game and all that depends on it."

But the last paragraph of his letter is priceless.

"If you care to send me ONE SHILLING towards the cost of issuing these circulars, it will be gratefully received."

Words fail us. We will rely upon those of a staunch supporter of the Somerset Club who, with his wife, received a copy of the circular, and wrote to the vicar as follows on August 15:

"Your circular letter to hand this morning. I am exceedingly surprised and disgusted that one who can talk of public schools and university traditions of honour can bring up such a matter as your letter suggests. It is perfectly clear that were you to receive a shilling for every circular sent out, as you ask for, you would be doing a flourishing business."

We do not suggest, nor can we agree, that the vicar had any such "flourishing business" in mind, but we are not surprised that a member of the Somerset County Cricket Club should reply in the most violent terms.

No reply to his letter, incidentally, has been received.

We are not aware of how many protests have been received by the vicar, but we feel certain that, by this time he has received ample indication of the unpopularity of his queer action.

In view not only of the unsportsmanlike aspect of the matter, but also in view of his want of strict accuracy, we trust that the Rev. Mr. Crowder will take steps to make an early apology and also ensure that the offending letter and circular are immediately destroyed

An Overseas Catchpenny

Cheeky Mr. Chitty

THE "Situations Vacant" columns of daily newspapers unfortunately are not restricted to advertisements of employers with jobs to offer. They contain in addition appeals to the man out of work from numerous people anxious to show him—for a consideration—how employment is to be obtained.

One of these brought to our notice by several readers recently offered to show how to apply for and where to obtain positions abroad and afloat. Applicants were invited to write to the Overseas Secretary, 22, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

See whiz!

The "Overseas Secretary" proved to be a Mr. W. Pope Chitty. He describes himself on his literature as "publishers, colonial agents and advisers."

Mr. Chitty informs his readers that among other things he has been a

British Vice-Consul, secretary to a British Chamber of Commerce abroad, shipping manager, ship owner, railway official and planter.

Poor man!

He offers in his circular to place this exceptional experience at the service of his reader for 10s. He throws in a brochure which he has written on the subject of obtaining employment, and alternatively offers to send the brochure for one half-crown to those who do not care to part with four.

This ingenious effort by this experienced man of affairs to solve the unemployment problem has not succeeded even to the point of solving his own. Owing to his failure to meet his general expenses, he was turned out of his office a week or two ago, and the landlord holds all Mr. Pope Chitty's circulars and brochures until such time as he can redeem them by paying his back rent!

A Walworth Wangle

And Pie-Crust Promises

WE are constantly advising readers that jobs for which the applicant is expected to pay seldom prove satisfactory, and a forceful example of this is afforded by the experience of a young Welsh gentleman.

In June of last year he responded to an advertisement of Messrs. R. A. Brinsley and Co., of 55 and 59, Boundary Lane, Walworth, and was induced to enter an agreement under which he became a traveller representing the firm in North London.

Nothing but promises

His salary was £3 a week, plus commission at 2½ per cent., but he was required to invest his life-savings of £150 and was handed a promissory note for the return of that sum at the end of twelve months.

Things were so bad that he eventually decided that it would be waste of time to continue. He accordingly severed his connection with the firm,

but realised that he could not claim his refund of capital until twelve months had elapsed.

As the agreement was at an end, however, he consulted a firm of solicitors, who wrote to R. A. Brinsley and Co. on the subject. A month later the company promised to refund the money in three instalments of £50.

A lesson here!

Correspondence of this kind continued indefinitely.

In April of this year R. A. Brinsley and Co. repeated its promise to pay the amount in three instalments of £50, but an offer it has remained.

The original promissory note for the full amount fell due in July last, but when it was presented at a bank in Camberwell Road for payment, it was returned bearing the ominous inscription "Account closed."

Others should learn the lesson this story affords!



Where Dirt is a Crime

Wherever you wandered in Norway, from the great town houses of Oslo to the doll-like cottages beside the Western Fjords, you would find complete and spotless cleanliness.

The Norwegians regard dirt as a crime—and eight out of every ten families throughout Norway use Sunlight Soap.

In the great seaport of Bergen you will actually find it in nine homes out of ten.

But it was the women of Britain who first recognised, 40 years ago, the supreme purity and quality of Sunlight Soap. And where British women led, the whole world is following to-day. Everywhere the sales of Sunlight are increasing year by year—not only because it lathers so easily, washes so thoroughly, leaves the clothes and the house so sweet and fresh,

but because Sunlight Soap is—to-day as it has ever been—the best and purest soap that money can buy.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Used in 134
different countries.



S.366-102

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.



Astounding PEACE PACT DISCLOSURE

by Dr. CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON

JOHN BULL



Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison,
Editor, "Christian Century" of Chicago

THE Kellogg pact for the outlawry of war has now been signed. I spent some weeks in Britain before crossing over to Paris for the ceremony, and I noted that, with hardly an exception, the Press of the country was clamorous for an immediate acceptance of the American proposal.

Yet, while I do not wish to say that British ardour for the Kellogg pact is insincere—far from that—I am strongly persuaded that the signing of the pact by the British Government at this time is premature.

Much is said in Britain in criticism of our American method of subjecting a treaty to ratification by the Senate. For my part I am more than ever a defender of that procedure. It is our American way of educating public intelligence as to the implications of a treaty. My chief regret at the moment is that the British system provides no such check upon its government in dealing with so grave a matter as that of outlawing war.

The whole question was considered and settled in secret by the Foreign Office with, of course, the perfunctory concurrence of other members of the Cabinet. The British Parliament had little to do with considering the pact on its merits. The signing of the pact will probably see the end of the discussion in Great Britain. If so, it is profoundly to be regretted.

Thank you
for nothing!

The most momentous proposal in the history of nations was given less than five hours of deliberate discussion on the floor of the House of Commons. The debate was for the most part superficial.

Sir Austen Chamberlain's own speech was a perfect illustration of this lack of gravity. He was cautious; he was wary; he was honest. But his caution, his wariness, his honesty were not directed at the important matter, but only at a secondary, a marginal matter.

Consider what was being debated—nothing less than a proposed treaty for the renunciation, the outlawry, of war. And what had the British Foreign Secretary to say about so revolutionary a proposal?

He was honest, he was cautious—but about things which lay altogether outside the treaty. Concerning the treaty itself Sir Austen was anything but cautious, anything but candid. "The proposal," he declared, "is a recognition of the horror of war and of the fact that war is a thing only to be had recourse to as a last resort." But the pact is not a recognition of the horror of war; it is a pledge not to use war. It is not a recognition of the fact that war is a thing only to be had recourse to as a last resort; it is a solemn promise not to resort to it at all.

Cynical
indifference

I say that the Foreign Secretary may have been cautious and honest, but he was not cautious at the right place, nor about the right thing. Downright honesty would have made him ask such questions as these:

Does the British Government really wish to renounce war?

Is the British Government willing to abandon any policy which rests upon the potential use of war against any State signatory to this treaty, and to pursue only those policies which may be effectuated by pacific means?

It is morally certain that if Sir Austen had given a candid answer to these essential questions he would have said: "No, the Government of Great Britain does not really wish to renounce war.

We are not ready to have done with war. And the Government is by no means willing to abandon certain policies which rest upon the potential use of war against certain States signatory to this pact, nor to commit itself to the pursuit of only such policies as may be effectuated by pacific means. We are not willing, Mr. Kellogg, to sign your treaty."

I would infinitely have preferred Sir Austen's honest "No" to his uncandid "Yes." Both his formal reservation and his formal interpretation of the treaty's meaning obviously contradict and nullify the treaty, and it is no wonder that he expects little or nothing to come from the signing of it, and warns others against taking it too seriously.

Deliberate
evasion

Popular enthusiasm voiced itself in the demand that the Government accepted the proposal instantly. But the official reaction was more sophisticated. Diplomacy has its own little ways of handling these embarrassing proposals.

It accepts them—but it first pulls their teeth. That is what Britain's reservation does to the Kellogg pact. And if there ever was a more clever stroke of diplomatic genius I have not heard of it.

How was it done? It was done by conjuring up the Monroe doctrine, which states that the United States should avoid entangling itself in European politics, and that European Powers should not be permitted to interfere in American affairs.

Mr. Kellogg had said nothing about the Monroe doctrine, of course, for the outlawry of war has no more to do with the Monroe doctrine than with the Canadian border or the Philippines or prohibition or the quota system in immigration.

But Sir Austen Chamberlain, unwilling to renounce war as an instrument of British imperialism, and also unwilling to say so, softly said to Mr. Kellogg, "Of course you are going to reserve the Monroe doctrine, and therefore you will not object to our making an exception of 'certain regions' in which we have 'especial and vital interests'; the two reservations are analogous, you know, and will nicely offset each other."

An amazing
blunder

To this Mr. Kellogg made no reply. He carefully discussed all other observations made both in the French and the British notes, but his comment on this distinct British reservation which Sir Austen had coupled with a bid for the reservation of the Monroe doctrine was a loud silence.

This silence was Mr. Kellogg's way of inviting Sir Austen to re-read the text of the pact itself, especially that clause in article two—"of whatever nature or whatever origin they may be." In his final note of acceptance, Sir Austen restated his reservation in even stronger terms, and there the matter rests.

But the damage has been done. All Britain and Europe believe that the Government of the United States has reserved the Monroe doctrine from the operation of the Kellogg pact! And they have not a syllable of authority for it but the fabrication of the British Foreign Secretary.

The worst of it is that this clever fiction was used at the crucial moment in the House of Commons to shut the mouths of his critics. And the opposition was not well enough informed on the meaning of the outlawry of war to challenge Sir Austen's statements.

Is it not obvious that if the Monroe doctrine was reserved from the operation of the treaty both Mr. Kellogg and the treaty would be held up

to endless derision not only in world opinion but in the opinion of his fellow-countrymen?

Meanwhile, the British Parliament has adjourned until November. But gradually the truth about the strategy of the Foreign Office is leaking out, and there are increasing signs of anxiety.

It is beginning to be evident that the British reservation is sabotaging the pact, that it leaves a huge gap in the renunciation of war—indeed, for Britain the gap is bigger than the renunciation—and that it practically invites the defeat of the pact in the United States Senate or at least a widening of the gap by the insertion of a Senate reservation concerning the Monroe doctrine.

A wicked
smoke-screen

From the start I have been apprehensive that the Kellogg proposal was going through the Governments too easily. There ought to be wide popular understanding of what the Governments are doing when they subscribe to this treaty.

That can be secured only by ample debate in responsible parliaments. If the damage done to the pact by the British reservation is not cured, I would not be surprised to see the elections of next May turn upon this issue.

However lacking in understanding of the Kellogg proposal, the people of Great Britain are enthusiastic for it. There can be no doubt of that. If there was only some way to let them know precisely what their Government has done to the pact there would be a veritable ground-swell of indignation.

I would rather see the outlawry of war proposal rejected than to see it accepted through a misunderstanding of what it involves. I have always believed that when the nations were confronted with the proposal, it would present itself in a form so simple that only a yes or no answer could be given.

But this British reservation has confused the issue. It has introduced "ifs and ands." Thus our Senate has been provided with a smoke-screen behind which it can completely emasculate the treaty, if not reject it altogether—and in terms which make it difficult for us to hold them to account before the bar of our public opinion.

Let the people
speak!

Unless this situation is remedied not only will the cause of peace be set back indefinitely by another ghastly disappointment but the friendly relations between America and Great Britain will be damaged immeasurably.



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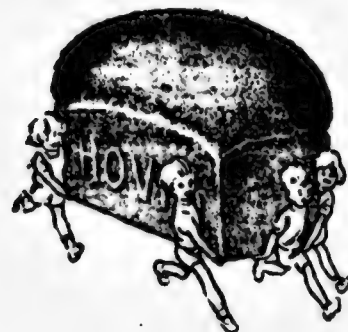
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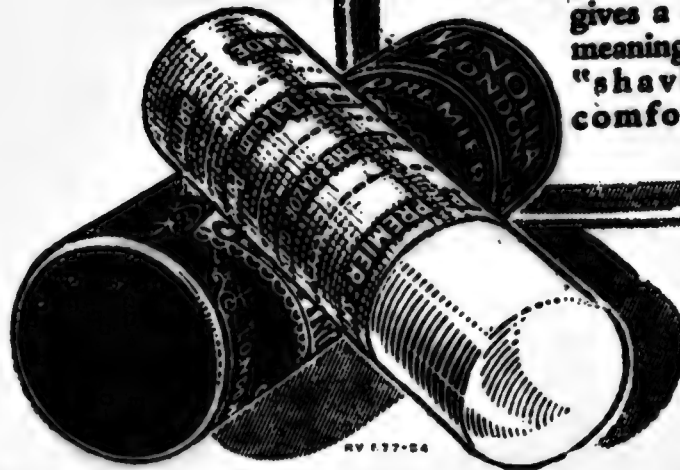
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To H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES,
James Palace.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—I liked the escort of errand boys with baskets who broke the police cordon at Aberdeen and usurped the place of your solemn civic guides. That you cheered them on and laughed at their daring struck the human note that explains your popularity. Humour is a better safeguard than pomposity any day, and errand boys are a better escort than soldiers.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—Your "hope" that magistrates will take full advantage of the Act extending the probation system must be interpreted as a definite order. What evil consequences follow the sending to jail of mere children can never be known. It is a crime that Christianity should have checked long ago. Why not issue a definite order and see that it is obeyed?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord EUSTACE PERCY, M.P.,
Minister of Education.

DEAR SIR,—The Employment Committee of Cardiff, wiser in their generation than yourself, have petitioned local parents to keep their children at school for at least an additional year. Why you decline to raise the school-leaving age passes the comprehension of thinking men, since the cost to the State could not unbalance the evil wrought to youth by enforced idleness.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.,
St. Ermins, Caxton Street, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I agree that if nations reserve to themselves the right to fight on their unsupported assertion that they are engaged in a war of self-defence the Peace Pact will become a tragic farce. It is up to the peoples of the world to let their rulers know plainly that reservations which nullify the object in view will not be tolerated.

JOHN BULL.

To the Unemployment INSURANCE UMPIRE,
Whitehall.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to the statement of an unemployed man that he had tramped thirty miles in one day looking for a job, an employment exchange official retorted: "You only did that to kill time and to avoid work." Even when the Court of Referees decided in the man's favour the Chief Insurance Officer declined to accept their decision. Be it recorded to your credit that you overruled this obstinate official, and I trust somebody in authority severely rapped his knuckles.

JOHN BULL.

To His Honour Judge ATHERLEY JONES, K.C.,
Paper Buildings, Temple, E.C.4.

DEAR SIR,—You strike the weak place in our penal system when you point out its main scandal being the lack of effort on the part of the State to find a new life for men who come out of prison. Thousands come out entirely unrepentant. Others, who want to start clean, find the way blocked. But if judges put their heads together, don't you think a road out of the dilemma could be found?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JAMES MAXTON, M.P.,
House of Commons, S.W.1.

DEAR SIR,—You believe that if a man chance to be a baronet, a retired Army or Naval officer, and the like, it is a farce to call him a member of the Labour Party whatever his political convictions. It is this extremist view, this narrow class prejudice, which does so much harm to the cause you profess to espouse. A professional man has as much right to be considered a worker as yourself.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. H. HAYES, M.P.,
Clapton Common, E.5.

DEAR SIR,—You express the fear that the Home Office regulation which entitles members of the police force to additional pension for efficiency is being interpreted by those in authority as an incentive to the making of arrests. I hold that a constable who can keep order on his beat without bringing a charge is infinitely more capable than one who is continually "running 'em in." The duty of the Force is to prevent crime rather than to arrest the criminal.

JOHN BULL.

To the MANAGERS,
Pennington Mission Infant School.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I applaud your defiance of the Leigh Education Committee who has ordered you to dismiss a woman teacher because she married in June. Why marriage unfits a woman for teaching babies she taught before is a mystery. With the passing of the Equal Franchise Bill the embargo becomes doubly absurd. Take your test case right up to the House of Lords. You'll win it.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. WELLESLEY ORR,
St. Paul's, Kingston Hill.

SIR,—Instead of regarding armies and navies as the cause of war you declare them "the surgical instruments for its cure." In fact, "if you were Prime Minister you would increase both as a cure for unemployment" and because "fighting is the operation, by amputation and blood letting," that cures ill-will among men. I quote this lunatic nonsense in full that the public may understand why I tell you bluntly you are a disgrace to the Christian Church, and that you should throw off your clerical garb and apply for a chance to become a private soldier yourself. By the way, why didn't you when war broke out?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GREEN,
Magistrate, Tottenham.

DEAR SIR,—When you learned that the cost payable by a man sued for 11s. 6d. amounted to 8s. 6d., you remarked that Members of Parliament must have been asleep or drunk when they sanctioned such a ridiculous Act. They might have been neither, but one could be forgiven for thinking that they were probably both.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. MONTAGUE LOGETTE,
Motor Hires and Transport Association.

DEAR SIR,—Your enquiry into the reliability of certain motor-coach services is timely, since the manner in which some firms break faith with the public is a scandal, as I have frequently shown. Your intention to take disciplinary action will receive general approval. As a recent "Bullet" put it, people may prefer the highway to robbery, but highway robbery is beyond a joke.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR JOHN SIMON:—"Liberals are not a dragged-out Party."
But if they don't look out they'll soon be a dragged-out Party.

MR. C. H. K. MARTIN:—"Some boys will never arrive at any life which can be called 'intellectual.' While others who could, never have a chance."

MR. EDWARD SHANKS:—"I have seen no masterpieces in 1928."
Look at Westminster and you'll see a masterpiece of futility.

REV. E. L. MASSEY:—"The people who have spoiled Sussex are Londoners with luxurious motors and magnificent mansions."
And the people to blame are the people of Sussex who let them.



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The Truth About Things—by the Editor

Don't be CAUGHT AGAIN!

The Bogey Round the Corner

THROW THEM DOWN the DRAIN!

IT is sometimes very salutary to see ourselves as others see us. That is why we draw our readers' particular attention to the article we publish on page 13 by Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison.

Dr. Morrison is an American editor who is known all over the world for his indefatigable advocacy of the proposal to outlaw war which was originated by another American, Mr. Levinson.

When Dr. Morrison wrote his famous book a year ago, he said in the preface: "On one point my conviction approaches the intensity and fixity of dogma. That is that any proposal in the name of peace which makes any terms whatever with war, which compromises with or tolerates it in any form or guise is foredoomed to futility. If we are to abolish war the first decisive thing is to outlaw it."

He fully anticipated that his book would be in the very forefront of political controversy for at least a generation. He little thought, nor did anyone think, that a year later there would be signed in Paris a Pact to outlaw war as he had advocated.

But Dr. Morrison, least of all men, is under no delusions as to the difference that exists in Europe between the minds of the people and the minds of the statesmen.

He is blunt and righteously indignant in his article, for to any close observer it is painfully obvious that Sir Austen Chamberlain is not to be trusted in a matter of this kind.

THE amazing fabrication that led him to justify the astonishing British reservations to the Pact will take a great deal of answering when Parliament reassembles.

But of one thing Dr. Morrison need have no fear. Whatever the statesmen may or may not do, the British people are solid in their belief in the Pact that has just been signed. Its very simplicity appeals to them; its directness has seized their imagination, and any Government of the future that is so misguided as to suggest war will have a very unhappy time.

STOPPING the DRY-ROT

An Enterprising Proposal

NO man in a Christian country should be allowed to starve. That some do is a scandal. It is equally abominable that others perish from disease caused by insufficient food, or food deficient in nourishing qualities.

Happily both evils are revolting to the public conscience, and that is why the Workmen's Unemployment Insurance Acts were passed. But no one, when these Acts came into being, dreamed of an unemployment problem growing to the dimensions of that with which we are now confronted. It is colossal. The "dole" has become such an integral part of modern life that we have hordes of young people growing up in the belief that it is a normal source of income.

Our attitude on the question is too well known to need emphasis, but we have always insisted that, at the best, the "dole" is a miserable and inadequate substitute for decent wages given in return for honest work.

How to get rid of it without causing the most widespread destitution and misery is the problem. It has so many aspects and bristles with so many difficulties that no statesman has even attempted the task.

It has been left to a private individual, Mr. Jones,

Nevertheless, there was never greater need of vigilance than there is to-day. On the very day the Pact was signed the papers were full of accounts of army manoeuvres on a greater scale than ever, and only a short time before, the Air Force manoeuvres over London were showing how feverishly the Government is preparing for the next war that the last was supposed to prevent.

To judge by their deeds, the Governments of Europe believe that the next war is just round the corner. Lord Cushendun, for instance, who signed the Pact for Great Britain, said: "No one imagines the Treaty is likely to prevent war all over the earth."

He may not imagine it, any more than Sir Austen Chamberlain and his colleagues imagine it, but the 600,000,000 people in whose name the Treaty has been signed imagine it, and are determined to see that their imagining is not in vain.

HITHERTO it has been the statesmen who led their peoples by the nose, but it is the people who in future will lead their statesmen—or rather push them.

Army manoeuvres on a large scale, mock air raid lasting a week, piled up armaments and crushing taxation for the sole purpose of war are things which no longer have a place in any nation that has put its name to this solemn covenant to renounce war as a means of settling international disputes "of whatever nature or whatever origin they may be."

And so far as this nation is concerned, its duty is perfectly plain from now on. We went into the last war, so we are told, simply and solely to uphold the sanctity of treaties and maintain the inviolability of a solemn covenant.

We, of all people, can least afford to do anything, to say anything, that can in any way cause the fatal words "A scrap of paper" to be heard again in Europe.

Having renounced war, we must renounce the useless weapons of war.

We must set the pace for wholesale disarmament.

a member of the Frome Rural Council, to make the first sensible suggestion. His ideas are worth quoting in full.

Like many another council, Frome needs public works in all directions for which it is very inadequately provided with funds. There are, for example, the roads. Mr. Jones suggests that the local surveyor could put the work in hand at once if he could go to the nearest employment exchange and take on, say, fifty men for work on an approved scheme.

He would receive the amount from the exchange that would have been paid in "doles," augment it to the proper rate of wages, and thus pay men for doing something instead of their receiving weekly pittance for doing nothing.

If such a plan were followed all over the country the turn back to work could be made without anybody being hurt and the public would get something, instead of nothing, for the taxes it pays.

We have already had angry letters objecting to men being asked to work for the "dole" "to which they have contributed." They go to show how deeply dry-rot has set in.

New legislation on the lines of Mr. Jones' suggestion would be the quickest way to stop it.

JOHN BULL



Lord Cushendun, who, in the absence of Sir Austen Chamberlain, signed the Peace Pact in the name of Britain

BLATANT

Town Wrecking

WE sometimes feel inclined to ask, "Has the Army Council gone mad?" Ever since the present Government came to power it has taken the bit between its teeth and gone riding roughshod over the civic rights of the people.

This is particularly the case at Southend. That unfortunate town is being steadily reduced to a city in a state of siege.

It is in a condition of nervous prostration from the heavy gun-firing from Yanlet, Grain Island.

The effect on persons of weak constitution is much the same as that produced on those who lived through the air-raids.

It is injuring property. Ceilings are cracked and windows are broken. Buildings are quaking under the shattering uproar.

Appeals have hitherto been in vain. A councillor who went to Rochester in a boat found himself in the direct line of fire and the experience was nerve-racking.

But when a deputation detailed the matter, "putting plenty of paint on the picture," the war lords replied that "they were very sorry, but they could not alter the position of affairs."

This is not good enough for people who live in a residential town and pay heavy rates and taxes for the privilege.

The Mayor of Southend is taking an inventory and full particulars of "any damage which has been suffered, in the way of property or in the way of health."

He intends to take his indictment again to the war lords, or the House of Commons, or even the King.

The position is serious, but we remind Southend that it can be redressed.

The electors of Southend have votes and they will very shortly have an opportunity of using them.

A General Election is coming, and if the electors make enough noise at it, even the war lords will have to listen.



Earl Jellicoe, G.C.B., K.C.B., President of the British Legion, which instantly responded to our appeal for help on McCarthy's behalf

MISS DOLORES DEL RIO, the Mexican film star, has, I see, been to the East End of London in search of underworld types. "I have never known what poverty is," she said, "but I am intensely interested in it."

Now I am not in the least interested in Miss Dolores del Rio and her remarks do not seem to me to be of much importance. But when I read that it seemed to me to sum up in one sentence the real reason why nothing much is ever done to make things better for those who are living in abject misery.

All over the country there are thousands and thousands of people like Miss del Rio. They have never known what poverty is but they are "interested in it."

But, believe me, those who have never known what poverty is can have no real idea of it.

Who is the criminal?

I came across a paragraph in a newspaper recently which tells its own dreadful story.

"I had been out all day looking for work, and when I got home my wife told me there was no milk or food for the baby. I didn't want to see it go hungry so I went out and got some apples and sold them." This was the excuse of William Burton, aged twenty-three, unemployed labourer of Hartington Road, Edmonton, who at Enfield was fined 25s. for stealing a sack of apples from an orchard at Southgate."

There is no need to elaborate this little human document. That is one of the things that poverty means, and when I read things like that I wonder who has committed the real crime—the man who stole some apples so that his baby might have food, or you and I who form what we call "society," who allow a man who wants to work to go without a job and permit his wife and child to starve.

Dogged by misfortune

There is a street in Islington in London called Provence Street. It is a typical London slum; a narrow street of mean houses thronged by children who must grow up as best they can in these squalid surroundings, and dotted with groups of men with hopeless faces who are despairing of ever finding work.

Let me take you to one of these houses and show you what real poverty means. Here in a dark and musty basement, which is nothing more than a cellar, is living Mr. John McCarthy, with his wife and six children under fourteen years, the youngest a mite of two months.

All of them show clearly in their large eyes and hollow cheeks the weeks and weeks of privation through which they have gone. It is not that Mr. McCarthy is one of those shiftless fellows who won't work.

HELL has NOTHING WORSE!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

He is merely a man who has been dogged by ill-luck and ill-fortune. He joined the Royal West Surrey Regiment at the outbreak of war and served with it in France until 1918.

He then worked as a carman for an Islington greengrocer until 1925 when his increasing family necessitated his finding a better paid post. He obtained another job, but before a year was out he cut his thumb, and the wound turning septic, he was laid up for six months, during which period he received not one penny compensation.

In addition to this, three of his children had to be removed to hospital suffering from measles. In September, 1927, he obtained a fresh post where he remained until August 4 of this year.

What a "home"!

Then, while driving one of the firm's vans, he was involved in a collision with a motor lorry. Again he received no compensation for his injuries. He applied to the guardians for relief for his wife and family. The answer he got was that he might go to the workhouse!

To-day he is not even in receipt of National Health Insurance benefit, for his approved society is withholding it pending enquiries into his circumstances.

He and his family are literally faced with starvation. Or rather they were faced with starvation until he came to JOHN BULL and told us his story.

If you want to know what poverty is, sheer grinding poverty, you have it here.

To call his cellar a home at all is a misuse of the English language, but such as it is, it is in a pitiful state. It is almost completely bare of furniture. The beds have nothing left on them but the mattresses and the pillows, with a few old coats to cover them, for all the sheets and blankets have been pawned.

The mother has pawned nearly all her clothes to buy food for her children, and her two-months-old baby cries incessantly for the food she is unable to give it.

This week the other boys should have gone

back to school. They could not do so for they have no clothes to cover them.

The rent they pay for this miserable cellar is in arrears to the extent of £7 14s., a sum which they have no prospect of being able to pay. And with worry and anxiety and sheer ill-nourishment Mr. McCarthy is a nervous wreck.

I do not pretend that this is a fine article on social wrongs, full of fire and indignation, and setting forth heroic remedies. It is not. It is merely a simple human story of one unit in the maelstrom of misery that we call the slums.

But it is a story that is worth telling. For remember that this is not a story of some benighted period in the Dark Ages of history.

It is the simple story of a man living in the heart of the richest city in the world, the appeal of a man whose only crime is that he believed his country when it called him to defend his land and promised him that when he returned the land he defended should be made fit for heroes to live in.

There are to-day hundreds and thousands of John McCarthy's. There are thousands and thousands of them in London alone. There are thousands and thousands more in every industrial area in the country. In every mean street and squalid alley you can find poverty as bleak and bitter as this.

Sheer, grinding despair

It does not require statesmen of brilliant ability to remedy this sort of thing. It merely requires men with human hearts and heads which contain a little ordinary common-sense. I do not believe there is a single Member of the House of Commons who, if he could walk into the cellar that houses this pathetic family, would not immediately pull out his pocket-book and relieve their needs to the utmost of his ability.

Since they do not see Mr. McCarthy I am sometimes tempted to believe that they do not think he and his like exist. But they do exist and no political Party is worth its salt until it sets about making it quite impossible for this sort of thing to exist any longer.

No WONDER

OFFICIAL reports issued by Ministries and Government Departments are always interesting, if only for the profound lack of knowledge of things-as-they-are displayed by them.



Mr. A. P. Holt

The report of the Ministry of Labour on the work of Juvenile Advisory Committees is no exception. Far too many girls, according to the report, set their hearts on becoming typists. "Many of the girls who asked for clerical or shop work would have far better opportunities in good domestic service."

"The surplus of girl labour... is one of the chief problems,

but parents are generally opposed to their daughters leaving home to go to domestic service in other towns." And so on.

The newspapers publish periodical attacks by mistresses on the modern girl because she

apparently holds back from domestic service even when she has no other employment in sight. The attacks themselves may be an explanation of the attitude of the modern girl to service.

They emphasise the "mistress" too much and the "servant" too much. They combine a twentieth-century skirt with a nineteenth-century mind. We may ignore them.

THE report of a Ministry is on a different level. It asks to be treated seriously; therefore when such a report declares that far too many girls set their hearts on becoming typists one is compelled to ask why a girl should not set her heart on becoming a typist.

If there are too many girls who desire to become typists how are you going to make your selection? I know the attitude of the snobs of the various Ministries.

They think that a certain social standard is as important as—or more important than—a standard of efficiency. They think that a working-class girl ought to confine herself to the mill or to the mop.

Government Departments are, of course, amongst the strongholds of snobocracy. Government officials apparently think, with the dowager

Is He DEAD or LAUGHING?

by A. G. GARDINER

I WONDER what history will say about that scene in Paris last week? How will it look in the light of events five years hence, ten years hence, twenty years hence? Shall we rejoice over it as the opening of the greatest chapter in human history, weep over it as the most tragic failure, or scoff at it as the world's most colossal jest?

It can be any of these things. It can be just what we choose to make it. And when I say "we" I mean you and me and people like ourselves. If this thing is to go through it is public opinion that must put it through, and it is the public opinion of this country especially that matters.

The jingo dove

I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of the statesmen who signed the Pact. I am prepared to believe that they did not sign it with their tongues in their cheeks, though I am bound to say that the dove of peace must have been a little scared at our old jingo friend Ronald McNeill, now Lord Cushendun, turning up as the bearer of an olive branch.

He seems to have felt that he was a little out of place, for he promptly went outside and explained to the Pressmen that the Pact did not mean that there would be no more wars, that it did not mean that America had made any advance towards Europe, that, in fact, things would go on very much in the same old way.

And if we depend on our Cushenduns and Poincarés they probably will. But I repeat that the issue depends not on the statesmen but on ourselves. It is, as Mr. Kellogg said at Plymouth, the force of public opinion that has brought the Pact into being, and it is public opinion that can convert it from an empty gesture into the most momentous reality in history.

In a sense it is that already. It is the first time that the whole world has formally entered into a solemn compact to renounce war as an instrument of policy. It is the first time that the human race has declared that war in the abstract

is its enemy, just as a plague is its enemy, and that it must be destroyed as a plague is destroyed. It is the first time that the idea of organising the whole earth in the cause of peace has been officially proclaimed.

Hitherto the world has been organised for war. Every treaty had war as its ultimate objective. Every friendship between one country and another was a war measure directed against someone else. The world, and especially Europe, lived and moved in the atmosphere of war.

We cannot live in that atmosphere any longer. The last war showed that war and civilisation cannot co-exist, and that if war cannot be abolished civilisation will be abolished. That fact has sunk into the popular mind: hence the Pact with its slogan "War on War."

I do not think that the world can go back on this great adventure. A standard has been raised that will never be hauled down; but we plain people everywhere have to gather round it, believe in it and fight for it if it is to be carried to victory.

I know that there are holes in it—holes in it big enough for an army corps to get through. I know that there are warmongers in every country that have to be beaten from the field. But the standard is raised, the popular imagination is aflame, the flowing tide is with us.

Scrap the lot!

And it is not true, as Lord Cushendun says it is, that the Pact does not mean that America has changed her attitude. The Pact came from America. It is America's declaration that she is in the world peace movement.

She deserted the League of Nations, and could not return to it without admitting her mistake; but the Pact brings her back into the world current. It is not directed against the League. It is a mighty flying buttress of the League, strengthening and consolidating it against the impact of war.

The acid test of whether the nations which have signed the Pact are in earnest is whether they are prepared to disarm. If war is outlawed the



Mr. Kellogg

instruments of war must be outlawed. Germany is disarmed already. It is forbidden to have an army. It is forbidden to have a navy. It is forbidden to manufacture armaments.

That is right, but it is only right in so far as it is a part of a general scheme for disarming Europe. No one supposes that one great nation can be permanently and compulsorily defenceless in the midst of neighbours armed to the teeth. Peace cannot be founded on such a basis, and without a great movement towards general disarmament the Pact is wastepaper.

Terrible menace

It is for this country and France to take the lead, and to take it now, to strike while the iron is hot. No one can tell how soon it may grow cold. We are awaiting the terms of the naval agreement which has just been come to. We hope that it will remove all fear of the submarine menace that is growing up on the other side of the Channel.

But it is not that menace only which must be removed. The recent air war over London has shown that the population of this great city is at the mercy of the aeroplane. We cannot defend London from attack.

France cannot defend Paris from attack. If one is destroyed the other will be destroyed, but neither can be saved. Surely, if we are sane, if we are sincere in signing the Pact, here is a case for common action to remove a common peril.

It is no use assuming that we shall never be at war with each other. The day that we fear each other's armaments the possibility of war will be upon us. The only security is to get rid of our armaments, and why should we not start with the armaments of the air? They are the most indefensible because they are directed against the civilian population. They are the instrument, not of war, but of frightfulness.

Let us lead!

What better way of celebrating the Pact could there be than for England and France to agree to scrap the weapons of aerial war and so to remove the shadow that is coming up over the Channel before it has begun to create suspicion and fear?

Such a lead would be followed gladly everywhere. It would change the whole atmosphere of Europe and create a confidence that would establish the Pact beyond fear of challenge.

Do not let us forget that the future of the world and the fate of the Pact are in the hands of four countries. If Britain, France, Germany and America can stand together they can banish war from the world. And of these four, it is France and ourselves who alone can give the lead.

They HATE IT!

by ARNOLD F. HOLT

that girls ought to be forced into domestic service. Working-class girls, of course. That is what they were born for: to wait upon their "betters."

It does not occur to these people to enquire seriously as to why so many girls object so strongly to domestic service. It does not occur to them to ask why so many fathers are opposed to their daughters leaving home to go into domestic service in other towns.

I do not think that a typist's job is a particularly merry one. Personally I would rather hold down the job of a gypsy's dog; but, if I have to believe the many domestic servants who have written to me from time to time, it is—comparatively speaking—the typist who rides in the caravan and the domestic who is the dog.

ALTHOUGH now I come to think of it, many of my correspondents complain of mistresses who have far more consideration for their pugs and their poms than they have for their maids.

I know quite well that the people who write to me are unlucky enough to be in uncomfortable berths, that is why they write. They wish to let off steam. I also know that a very large proportion of maids, particularly in "single-servant" houses, have a particularly rotten time.

Throughout the long evenings they sit in the kitchen alone. It is their "place." They go to bed in a bare garret.

They serve up rich food for their employers and have to content themselves with food which is often poorer in quantity and quality than the food they were accustomed to receive in their own homes.

And through it all they must be humbly servile. They must treat mistresses as though they were made of finer clay than that used in the make-up of a common servant.

I KNOW that there are thousands of mistresses who regard their maids as friends. I know that there are thousands of maids who have found comfortable homes.

I am concerned about the great army of the unlucky ones, and Government officials and mistresses will have to continue to deplore the aversion of girls from domestic service until the standard of comfort and living in service is raised.

The latter, altogether lonely, are looked upon by the pinchbeck Lotharios of the towns as fair game. Is it any wonder that girls are opposed to leaving home or that their parents are opposed to their daughters doing so?

JOHN BULL



68 FEELS 30

The signer of this letter is a man 65 years old who, three months ago, thought he was going to die, as he had been ill for five years.

"I could not sleep at all at night and general lassitude made me feel that each of my limbs was weighing 200 pounds, although I am thin of constitution.

"As a last resource, although my great age inspired very little confidence, I tried one bottle of Kruschen Salts. To my great surprise, after 15 days' trial, I felt I had a new lease of life, which was making a new man of me. Now, after having used the third bottle, my health is completely restored. I can take walks for one hour and a half without being tired, and feel alert as I did at 30 years of age."

A. P. BEAUCHEMIN.

Court's Official Stenographer, Montreal.
20th July, 1923.

THREE YEARS LATER.

"Since I wrote to you three years ago about Kruschen Salts, I have not been ill for a minute. I am now 68 years old and still feel as young as I was at 30, thanks to the little daily dose of Kruschen that I take every morning in my coffee. I would not be without it for all the gold in the world."

25th June, 1926.

A. P. B.

Now you will naturally ask, "How can Kruschen Salts make a man or woman of 68 feel 30?" Miraculous as it sounds, it is easy to explain. Most people grow old long before their time because they neglect one vital need of health—the need for internal cleanliness. Eventually they start the healthy Kruschen habit. Then, probably for the first time in their lives, they start getting rid every day of all waste matter from the system. Instead of being clogged, the intestines are clean and clear. Instead of liver and kidneys being sluggish, they are active and efficient. New, healthy blood goes coursing through the veins—carrying health and strength and energy to every part of the body. And almost immediately you feel your youth has returned; you feel energetic and happy. In a word, you've got that famous "Kruschen Feeling."

Every Chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle contains 96 "daily doses," three months' good health for a farthing a day.



Tasteless
in tea.

A ROGUE who ROARS with LAUGHTER Send Him Back to Jail!

J. MARSDEN FIRTH, that arch-swindler, whose arrest we demanded in our issue for July 28, is now in jail. But in three short months he will be a free man again, and the thousands whom he has duped will be unavenged.

The explanation of this unsatisfactory state of affairs lies in the fact that Marsden Firth was arraigned before the Cinque Ports magistrates on a simple charge of having obtained £4 by false pretences. For that offence he is now being punished; for the thousands of pounds that he has obtained from the public he has so far avoided all penalty.

The arrogance of Marsden Firth has never been equalled, and he brought all his powers into play for the benefit of the Cinque Ports magistrates. With a feigned candour he pretended to be stricken with remorse at his behaviour and pleaded for leniency. How this hypocritical humbug must be laughing up his sleeve to-day!

So he supposed!

But we have not the slightest intention of permitting him to enjoy the last laugh. Let us remind the public that Marsden Firth's liabilities, so far ascertained, are in the region of £16,604! Then, perhaps, they will understand why we are pursuing this rogue even into the prison gates.

But, as the Law has only moved in connection with a paltry £4 fraud, we will take the Cinque Ports case as our text. It sheds some interesting sidelights on the character of J. Marsden Firth, and affords striking confirmation of many things that we have said of him in the past when dealing with his greater undertakings.

When charged, for instance, he casually pleaded guilty; and, when reminded that the charge was one of "false pretences," he airily added: "I suppose it would come under that heading."

It appears that he had called upon an hotel proprietor whom he had known for about eighteen months, and had created a good impression by talking of his immense business interests, of his yacht and motor-cars.

He stayed for a time at the hotel and champagne was ever the drink of his choice. When he left a bill was outstanding for £3 15s., and, though the proprietor forwarded this on, the man who had talked in thousands remained silent.

Cheque
cheek

But he turned up again, and when this account was mentioned, he declared that it "must have been chasing" him all over the country, as he travelled a great deal.

He said that he would pay the bill now, however, and at the same time ordered some "nips" of champagne to the tune of £1 4s.

Then he wrote out a cheque for £8 19s., and received £4 in cash as

change, and departed, saying that he had to pay the firm which was "seeing to his yacht."

He had driven up grandly in a car, complete with chauffeur, and in grandeur he was driven away. But it was not to last. The cheque came back from the bank marked "No Account."

A representative of the bank in question, who gave evidence in Court, declared that Marsden Firth had never had an account there. A company with which he had been

trick," performed "on the spur of the moment."

Finally, Marsden Firth crowned his audacity by saying: "I appeal to you to give me this chance and I will keep any faith that you invest in me."

We wish with all our heart that there could have been someone on the Bench at that moment to denounce him as a prating humbug, as a liar and an unscrupulous rogue, whining for mercy which he did not deserve! We wish that someone could have asked whether he regarded his £16,604 liabilities in the light of "a foolish trick."

Passing all
belief

He adopted the self-same attitude before Mr. Registrar Francke in the Bankruptcy Court, it may be remembered. There he whined that his business had been damaged by adverse criticism in JOHN BULL, presumably with intent to create an impression that he had been wrongfully attacked.

Mr. Registrar Francke, however, quelled that piece of impertinence effectively by remarking: "I tell you this: the business you carried on was a fraudulent one!"

But Marsden Firth continued to ride the high horse, and when he found that the whining note met with no encouragement he adopted an air of defiance, and flatly declared that he was not prepared to take steps to trace certain missing books which were essential to the Court to enable it to arrive at a true estimate of his fraudulent affairs.

It passes all belief that a rogue who is known to have obtained thousands of pounds in fraudulent business activities should be permitted to treat the authorities with such contempt.

Marsden Firth first came into the hands of the Law in 1923, when he was sentenced to two concurrent terms of four months' imprisonment for obtaining £30 and £5 by false pretences.

A flagrant
lie

Then, in 1925, he was bound over at Leeds for obtaining food, etc., by false pretences, and in the same year he was convicted at the Mansion House on three cases of obtaining money by false pretences. For these offences he was sentenced to two terms of three months' imprisonment to run consecutively, and one term of three months to run concurrently.

What is the use of playing with a man like Marsden Firth in this fashion? In making his barefaced appeal to the Cinque Ports magistrates, he swore that since 1925 he had acted honourably. That is a flagrant lie.

When Marsden Firth comes out of jail three months hence the Public Prosecutor should be waiting to clap him back for a good long term.



Sir Archibald Bodkin, K.C.B.,
Director of Public Prosecutions

connected banked there, but its cheques had to be signed by two directors and he could not say to whom the book, from which the cheques in dispute had been taken, had been issued. There was no current account with the bank with which Marsden Firth could claim any connection.

Crowning
audacity

Marsden Firth volunteered a lengthy statement, and there are several points which we should like to stress. He declared, for instance, that after 1925 he "made up his mind" that, no matter the difficulties, he would be "perfectly honourable." As a result of this resolve, he claimed to have made approximately £20,000 out of cotton and produce.

In 1927, however, he bemoaned the fact that "a slump in the cotton market" had forced him into bankruptcy, and had meant the loss of everything. He had had to sell his motor yacht and cars.

He then told how, in his earnest endeavours to keep afloat, he had first joined a theatrical company and then a concert party. His act of passing the above worthless cheque he casually dismissed as "a foolish

The only football competition offering an equal chance for all. See "The People" next Sunday.

A TRAGIC BIT of TRIPE

Instead of Sense

By W. J. WOMERSLEY, M.P.

A WELL-EMPLOYED and prosperous community can buy and consume. An ill-employed community cannot buy and consume.

That is a quotation which might profitably be engraved on a "greetings" card and sent to every member of the House of Commons.

We have spent over £300,000,000 on unemployment benefit; there are still well over a million workers on the unemployment register; and yet, apparently, we continue content to grin and curse and carry on.

Successive Ministers of Labour—of all parties—have tried to grapple with the problem, but have found it too big for a puny span, and have, therefore, contented themselves with amending Unemployment Insurance Acts.

They have evaded the cardinal fact that unemployment can only be cured by finding work for the unemployed.

Dreadful demoralisation

They pay lip-service to the axiom that "The best and only cure for unemployment is employment" and then proceed to offer the unemployed—the dole.

In this connection permit me to quote from a document in my possession:

"The demoralisation of long idleness is cumulative and this is particularly true of skilled men, who have rarely had experience of continued interruption of employment; the exhaustion of trade union funds for relief of unemployment among their members is affecting the discipline of many of the unions, with the result that unofficial organisations exploit the situation.

"Moreover, the cost of unemployment benefit, whether contributed by the employers, the workpeople, or the Treasury, is in the end obviously a charge on industry which is a dead-weight so long as it secures no return in the form of increased production."

The italics are mine. The quotation is not from something written or said by a social reformer, but from a White Paper issued by the Ministry of Labour. Wise words. So much said. So little done.

Much said, little done

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the majority of people regard the problem as entirely a post-war one. That it decidedly is not. In the days before the war it was with us.

But after the war we had the larger vision. A committee with Lord St. Davids as its chairman was set up and its function was to consider, approve or reject schemes for providing work for the relief of unemployment.

These schemes directed money which would otherwise have been paid out in unemployment benefit, to the payment of money for work done. Over one period the Exchequer

paid out in grants to such schemes £40,000,000—and by so doing saved £32,000,000 in unemployment pay, or "idle money" as some people call it.

The schemes cost the Exchequer £8,000,000, but they provided full-time work for 660,000 men for a year, and there were works of public utility to show for it all, such as sewage works, parks, new and improved drainage, roads, and so on.

The weak spot about the many schemes was that the St. Davids Committee was bound down to



Mr. W. J. Womersley, M.P.

approve only of works of a non-revenue-earning capacity. This condition circumscribed the work, narrowed down the schemes.

What a brainwave!

Someone at the Ministry of Labour realised it and a wonderful brain-wave resulted in the issuance of a circular which extended the scope of relief works to those of a revenue-earning capacity so long as they were works of public utility such as gas, water, electricity, tramways, docks, harbours and canals.

Of course there was a snag in it. Some of the best schemes from the point of view of providing the maximum of employment with the minimum of cost were those for the improvement of many of our docks and harbours, and because it was feared that the railway companies would benefit by such new works, the schemes were turned down.

Let me quote the Grimsby scheme as an example. It was proposed to spend a million and a quarter on the extension of the fish docks.

A grant of £200,000 was asked for towards the cost to cover the loss certain to be incurred by the employment of unemployed unaccustomed to the work required, and to cover also, to some extent, the extra cost

of starting the work at a time when costs were far above normal. The scheme would have found employment for 4,000 men, and, in addition, many skilled engineers would have found employment.

The scheme was turned down not only by the present Minister of Labour but by his predecessor in the Labour Government, and the unemployed of the district prevented from recommencing useful work. The scheme would have made of the port a hive of industry.

The height of folly

During a period of just over two years more money was paid out in unemployment benefit at the Grimsby Employment Exchange than the extension scheme would have cost the Government. Can you beat that for folly?

The St. Davids Committee is today itself practically unemployed. Its work has been brought almost to a standstill because certain so-called financial experts and economists have persuaded the men in authority that these schemes are bad.

They argue that the money provided for such schemes must of necessity be money diverted from industry, and therefore the nation is no better off. That argument ought to be addressed to the D.O.R.A. experts on tripe.

Does anyone really believe that it is better to pay for the demoralisation of workpeople than for new docks, land reclamation, protection against floods, or the hundred and one other tasks of national importance?

Yet long ago we arrived at the present deplorable impasse, and all around we have people who ask bleatingly for a way out and seek it not. The way out as I see it may not appear heroic. I would set up a committee of the best men of all parties and let them hammer a way out.

A national question

The unemployed have suffered in the past because unemployment has been treated as a party question out of which party capital might be made. It is a national and not a party question.

I think that an all-parties committee would so treat it, but if the political character of such a committee is objected to, why not hand over the problem to the Lord St. Davids Committee, which is composed of men of great experience of the problem, and ask them to tell us what to do.

When so much is uncertain, this remains certain; we cannot afford as a nation to continue to wait for something to turn up. The whole country is sick of the foolishly weak, hopelessly futile pottering about with the social sore. The Party which is bold enough to tackle it resolutely will certainly receive the approbation of the nation.

Before filling in that football coupon consult the charts and forecasts in "The Sporting Life and Football Weekly Edition," every Saturday—2d.



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PER FIVE

In Sunshine Ward

A BEDSIDE BLOODSUCKER

by PHILIP INMAN

MRS. COSTIN was a great disappointment. She had entered the hospital to undergo a severe operation which from every medical standpoint seemed to have been entirely successful. But she made no headway.

Her husband, a man well over six feet in height and broad in proportion, had tears in his eyes one day. "I can't make it out," he said. "She's got something on her mind that's holding her back." And that was the general opinion in the hospital.

One day the crisis came, and in an unexpected way. A man who had made persistent enquiries about Mrs. Costin asked for permission to see her.

He had not been by her bedside for more than a few minutes when angry words were heard. Before anyone could intervene the patient had had a heart attack and she was seen in a state of complete collapse.

When the visitor was asked for an explanation, he replied arrogantly, "She owes me money, and I've come to collect it." "But you have no right to disturb a sick woman," he was told.

He laughed, and it was a very unpleasant laugh. "I want my rights and I'm going to have them." And he got them.

A desperate woman

Peremptorily he was ordered out of the hospital. If that woman had died, and it was a very near thing, that money-lender would have been guilty of murder as surely as any man who pays the penalty on the scaffold. Yet in the eyes of the law he was blameless.

A few days later Mrs. Costin had recovered sufficiently to tell her story. She was the mother of four children, and her husband was a painter, with all the uncertainties of work of that occupation.

He was unemployed when their youngest child was born, and in her desperation that woman had gone for help to a money-lender.

When her husband found work again she started to repay her loan, but another spell of unemployment came and she fell into arrears.

A threatening letter came demanding the payment of £16 10s. within seven days. "I had only borrowed £10," said Mrs. Costin sadly, "and I'd already paid back £8 10s., so I wrote for an explanation."

Worry kills!

She was told that the sum she had repaid was interest on the borrowed money, and that the capital sum, plus accrued interest, was still outstanding. £25 for a £10 loan—interest at the rate of 150 per cent. Pity the poor devils who are in the clutches of these modern Shylocks! Hell knows no fury like their sufferings.

When her husband heard the story he seemed stunned. Then with an effort he braced himself up. "Don't worry about that man," he said hoarsely, "you can leave him to me." And he added tenderly, "You have got to cheer up and get well. We want you home again."

With eyes that shone gratefully Mrs. Costin responded to his appeal. "This worry has nearly driven me mad," she commented, "and now I've told you I feel better already." Worry kills—every hospital knows that, and the removal of that mental anguish was to make a big difference to this woman's recovery.

Now comes the strangest part of this intensely human story. Whilst that man still remained with his wife the money-lender made another appearance. He knew full well that he would not be admitted at ordinary times, so he crept



Philip Inman

in stealthily with the hundreds of other people on visiting day.

When he saw the husband in the ward he quickly retraced his steps—but he was too late. Mr. Costin had seen the expression of fear on his wife's face, and had immediately divined the reason.

He sprung up, rushed down the stairs, and followed closely on the heels of the money-lender into the busy street outside.

What might have happened will never be known, for fate intervened, and in a strange way. The money-lender, hurrying across the road, was knocked down by an oncoming vehicle—and it was Mr. Costin who helped to carry the victim back into the hospital.

I think it most unlikely that Mrs. Costin will ever be worried by that money-lender again.

The Sentence of the Court

The LIMELIGHT LURE

Tempestuous Petticoats

AN actress taking an enthusiastic "call" could not have appeared more satisfied with herself than Miss Doris Stevens when she delightedly pleaded "Guilty" to creating a disturbance.

"This lady, who is secretary of the International Committee of Action of the National Women's Party," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "doubtless considers herself remarkably up-to-date."

"But her methods are so painfully old-fashioned that we have to go back to the early days of the Swankhurst sisterhood to discover anything like the silly demonstration of which she was the ringleader outside the gates of the French President's summer residence."

"All the old suffragette paraphernalia was utilised, banners being dragged from glory-boxes, where they had long reposed among moth-balls."

"Artificial respiration was resorted to to revive the corpse of militancy and reawaken the fervour which once provided worms for Winston and steady work for the police in removing misguided ladies from where they had chained themselves to where they hoped to starve themselves."

"Miss Stevens and her skirted skirmishers deliberately chose the most

inopportune moment to demand an interview with the Peace Pact delegates, the accused herself dictating a message in which she melodramatically announced: 'We are at the gates!'

"They did not, however, remain long at the gates. For, having ignored several polite requests to cease making cheap nuisances of themselves, they were escorted to the police-station and kept there until the delegates had departed."

"It was, indeed, a suitably inglorious ending to a silly display. As Mrs. Kellogg justly observed: 'Such tactics lose women more than they can gain. I do not think you would find a men's organisation using such poor taste to get into the limelight.'"

Mr. Strawspitter said that his client contended that it was sheer hypocrisy for statesmen to sign peace pacts while half the human race—the female half—was still discriminated against.

"These ladies," continued counsel, "were ready to offer reasoned arguments in a reasonable manner. But the mighty statesmen who had just signed a peace pact stood by while force was employed. So it would seem that nations pledged not to make war on one another have no objection to making war on women!"

"This terrible war," said Mr. Justice Bull, "seems to have been about as devastating as a family brawl in a nest of sparrows. Counsel has made the best of a bad case, but by their absurd behaviour his client and her associates made the worst of what may be a good case."

"There was no more reason for the Peace Pact delegates to listen to orations on women's rights than there would be for the Upper Tooting Whist Club to postpone its ordinary activities so that it might hear a dissertation on the wrongs of the Solomon Islanders."

"Seeing that this country has passed any quantity of feminist legislation, from the Married Women's Property Act to the shingle ballot, I am quite unable to imagine why an Englishwoman should have taken part in this Charge of the Light-headed Brigade."

"Probably the fact that this exponent of crash-as-crash-can methods has been able to 'crash' into the pictorial press compensates her for not having been able to 'crash' into the President's home. And as I propose sentencing her to transportation to Hollywood, which appears to be her spiritual home, she will doubtless quickly transfer her enthusiasm for women's rights into an enthusiasm for film rights."



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Had Shakespeare but lived in our day
He'd have written an ode or a lay
To 'Diploma' the Crustless,
The fastless, the dustless,

CONDITIONS.

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"I don't want to grumble, but still,
If you don't get 'Diploma'
You'll find me a roamer"
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Said an ex-toreador from Vigo,
"I lived on 'Diploma,' you know;
For sinew and muscle
And red blood corpuscle
It's the last word—and then the echo."

£50 WINNER.

A punt on the stream 'neath a tree,
A crust and some Crustless with thee;
'Tis there I would rest,
With the best and the best,
'Diploma' tically put, you'll agree.

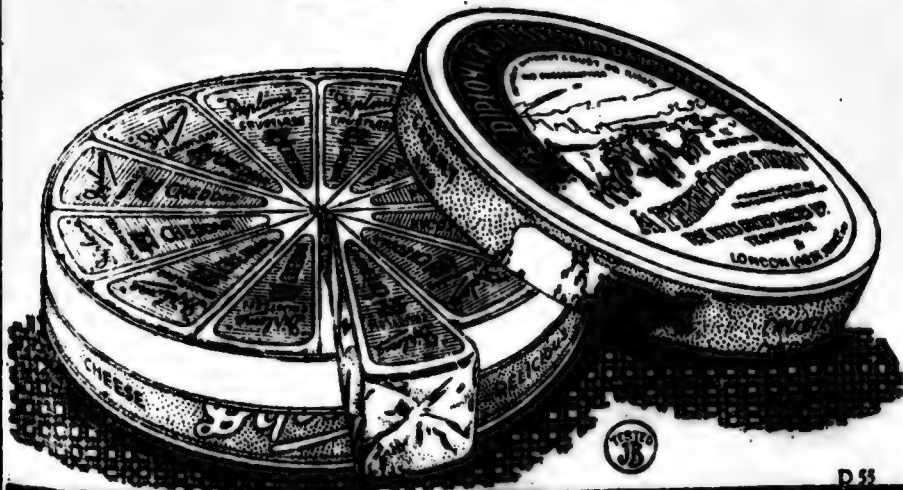
£50 WINNER.

A punt on the stream 'neath a tree,
A crust and some Crustless with thee;
'Tis there I would rest,
With the best and the best,
He'll 'pop' one way or other, thought she.

Cheddar or
Cheshire

DIPLOMA
The **ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE**

6, 8 or 12
portions 1/4lb



I never felt so hungry in my life



GOOD appetite? — that's a sign that your nerves are right. Nothing upsets the appetite more quickly than frayed nerves.

To relieve tension—and restore lost appetite—use Wrigley's Chewing Sweets. Your doctor will tell you how the act of chewing soothes your nervous system—how the delightful cleansing action of Wrigley's refreshes the mouth—gives you a healthy feeling of hunger at meal-times.

Dentists and medical men also recommend the regular use of Wrigley's after meals—because it aids digestion and cleanses the mouth after eating, drinking or smoking.

Use Wrigley's—the sweet of good health and good taste.

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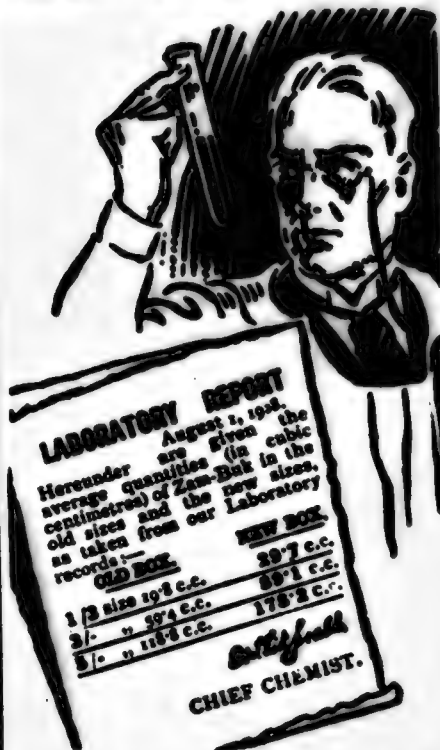


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PER
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50% MORE ZAM-BUK

Same Price - Same Quality



THE above certificate makes it clear that Zam-Buk users are now getting exactly half as much again for the same money.

The phenomenal success of this famous herbal balm has led to the establishment of finely equipped laboratories in every Continent in the world, and to a very acceptable reduction on the original high cost of manufacture.

Zam-Buk marks a complete departure from old-style ointments with their components of pore-clogging animal fat and coarse mineral drugs.

Purely herbal in origin, Zam-Buk depends for its healing, soothing, and antiseptic power on certain essential oils which are so refined that they pass through the tiny pores into the underlying tissues. Zam-Buk thus effectually uproots disease and grows new healthy skin.

Zam-Buk

These larger sizes are already greatly appreciated by sufferers from chronic skin ailments which call for more persistent treatment such as eczema, psoriasis, syphilis, ulcers, bad legs, piles, poisoned wounds, ringworm, etc. The 1/3 size contains 74d. worth more Zam-Buk, and the 3/4 size 1/6 worth more Zam-Buk.

Ask for the Enlarged Box

Words Winged to Women

LIVING DOLLS for SALE

by MABEL HORNER

THE harder it is to get a holiday, the more we prize it. That is as it should be. That which we work for we enjoy most. And the harder we work the more likely we are to relax and indulge in a little extra gaiety when the precious holiday hours arrive.

Such a turning away from routine and ordered existence, a few days of careless freedom, should send us back to work invigorated and refreshed. That is what holidays are meant for.

It is all the more pity when holidays not only fail to do this, but end in making life altogether harder for the holiday-maker.

I ask pity for a girl whose holidays have landed her into prison. It is well that sensible women should be sorry for her since she does not even appear to realise the need to be sorry for herself.

She is just a victim of a kind of madness that is running right through society today, a vicious sort of "gaiety" that has no more relation to the real thing than chalk has to cheese. We see the thing in its worst phases at rich resorts abroad such as Deauville.

A lot of people take money that is made in this country to spend at Deauville. Their doings are well reported every day in the newspapers. There are stories of their wild extravagances, the costly clothes, the jewels, the millions gambled away in the casino, the "daring" jolling about on the beach.

Precious piffle

Women are "giving professional male dancers the time of their lives." Men are making it worth while "for any number of fashionable women of pleasure" to come over from Paris.

And as a final tit-bit, there is the account of a shop-girl, a mannequin who knew "how to make the most of her doll-like charms" who, after being petted and spoiled and loaded up with pearls and diamonds by millionaires, actually married a wealthy banker who presented her with a milk-white horse to ride down to the sea for her daily bath.

This precious piffle and more like it is swallowed wholesale by foolish girls who

are filled with envy. They do not see why they should not have a similar good time. They believe that they could do just as well as the doll-like mannequin if only they got the chance.

They cannot go to Deauville, but there are seaside places in this country, for instance, Blackpool, the Deauville of the English coast.

Well, it is possible to have a splendid holiday at Blackpool. There are sunlit sands, glorious seas, a fine promenade, ravishing sunsets. But foolish girls do not



Mabel Horner

go to Blackpool or any other holiday resort, thinking of any of these things. Ida Dixon of Swan Street, Coventry, and another girl, went to Blackpool "to have a jolly good time, and because there are plenty of men in Blackpool with plenty of money and motor-cars."

The good time for these two stopped rather abruptly. Both got lodgings at various addresses, but one night were reduced to sleeping in a garage and on three nights had no shelter but the streets. Then a defrauded landlady caught Ida and brought her to court.

We cannot dismiss her case because it does not stand alone. The Chief Constable told Blackpool magistrates that although he had never before had a more disgraceful report concerning young girls this behaviour is quite common.

Many girls are sent to prison from Blackpool. They go there for a holiday. They overstay that holiday because they find there are always men in the town prepared to "give them a good time."

Of course there are. Male vamps abound; and so long as girls are not brought up to value their attentions at their true worthlessness there will always

be a stream of their disillusioned victims going to prison.

Some instead go to maternity homes. "The saddest case I remember," says Alderman Camplin, a Northampton magistrate, "is that of a girl of fourteen who robbed her poor old grandmother of her life's savings, £20. She took the money to go to Blackpool, was found destitute, and is now in a home waiting to become a child mother."

Where one doll-like mannequin exploits her charms to marry wealth a thousand find the gutter. And the mothers are to blame. They have not told them that while a holiday acquaintance may ripen into love and marriage it will not do so unless evidences of good faith are given and sought.

An agony to avoid

They have not warned them that the girl who sets out to have a good time at the expense of any man with a motor-car is looking for trouble. Only a base man would "pick up" with her. She behaves like a silly smirking doll and is treated as such.

But when she is left to be sold cheap what if she finds she is not a doll at all, but a woman with an immortal soul facing life besotted and smirched?

It is an agony good motherhood will move heaven and earth to teach their daughters to avoid.

Avoidance is not difficult. It merely means that from the start of life parents must teach their children a correct sense of values. It does not matter whether the home is rich or poor, the lesson must be the same.

The things that money can buy are not the best things. A pair of hands trained to do things and make things are happier possessions than a fat bank-book someone else has filled. A brain trained to think and a conscience tender to discern betwixt right and wrong are better than a lapful of diamonds.

Children trained on these lines will scorn to vamp, and neither will they bring their lives to ruin by becoming victims of the vamp.

A DIAMOND-STUDDED LEG

Talisman that Really Is

TALISMANS are queer things. The ancients believed in them. The modern pretend they don't, but they do. Some talismans are queer in themselves. Others merely have queer legends attached to them.

It was once believed that the chief virtue of a diamond was its power to protect a man from ill.

Queen Elizabeth wore a diamond to guard her against infection by plague.

Better than diamonds

The famous Regent diamond, which Napoleon wore in the hilt of his sword, was so valued as a talisman that, when it was found after his downfall, a slave conveyed it to safety by concealing it in a gash which he made in his leg.

JOHN BULL does not offer diamonds, but does give to every registered reader a very complete talisman against domestic ills in the Free Insurance Scheme.

Diphtheria caused the trouble at 43, Graves Road, Rotherham, when Mrs. E. Holleyhead fell sick, and again the JOHN BULL talisman of a cheque was

sent. As Mr. Holleyhead writes: "These benefits are indeed a blessing in disguise for tiding over the extra expense sickness always causes."

"One never appreciates the benefits obtainable from such a source until the unexpected happens," declares Mrs. E. Hunter, of 4, Hepworth Street, New Brancepeth, Durham; "then you say, what a stroke of luck." Naturally! Talismans worthy the name are supposed to bring luck!

JOHN BULL could not "ward off" measles from the home of Mr. L. Broad, of 13, Bridge Park, Ivybridge, Devon, but it could and did send the cheque which helped to defray the expense. Mr. Broad was doubly lucky, for although he had been a regular reader of JOHN BULL it was only quite recently that he had taken the trouble to register. Now he

thinks his stars, for the cheque sent this summer was the second he has had under the terms of the offered benefits.

A talisman needed

Infectious illness is, however, only one of the many disagreeables tided over by JOHN BULL Free Insurance Scheme. Mrs. J. Eggleston of 9, Skelchley Street, Blue Bell Hill, Nottingham, was standing on her sewing machine to reach a blind that needed repairing when she slipped and fell.

The result was a badly fractured arm which entirely laid her off from work for a long time. Being a registered reader the situation was saved by JOHN BULL.

"Do please accept my most grateful thanks," she writes. "The cheque enabled me to pay off many obligations which otherwise would have had to stand over. I am now recommending JOHN BULL to everyone as the one great paper that proves a friend in need."

To registered readers such as these JOHN BULL is a talisman indeed.

33,038 Cash Prizes have already been won in "Bullets" this year. This week's 1,123 cash prizes include a First of £500—turn to page 35 and win... making "Bullets."



The 10¹⁰ Williams Shaving Stick Easier to buy. Easier to use-

Men who use the Williams Shaving Stick would have told you it needs no improving. That's true—so far as the *stick* itself is concerned. But we've made it easier to buy; the price is now 10d. instead of 1/- . And we've made it easier to use by giving it the new aluminium "finger-hold." You can also use the rod. stick as a reload for the Holder-Top Stick.



THE WILLIAMS HOLDER-

TOP STICK 1/3

Complete in a polished aluminium, rustless, damp-proof container, it keeps your shaving stick fresh and free from dust. Reload it with the rod. stick.

Williams SHAVING STICK

Men like the smooth, soothing shave it gives

Accurate Syntheses of WORLD-FAMED Mineral Springs

For Successful and Inexpensive
Home Treatment.

For the patient to take the "Cure" at one of the famous Continental Spas is regarded by most physicians as the treatment *par excellence* for many ailments. Where other remedies fail to make an impression, a course of the Waters is always beneficial and often results in an almost magical rejuvenation of body and brain.

For the majority a sojourn at the Spa is out of the question, whilst many patients also find the regular use of the imported water too expensive. Both obstacles are surmounted by using Bishop's Mineral Water Varalettes which are now being prescribed by doctors with gratifying success.

All the important Continental Spas are accurately represented, the medicinal constituents of each Spring having been ascertained by scientific analysis.

Two Bishop's Mineral Water Varalettes dissolved in half a tumbler of water produce a water which possesses all the curative properties of the Spring and has the same beneficial effect upon the malady for which it is taken. The cost will be found very modest indeed.

The following Springs are represented:—

Aix-les-Bains	Homburg	Royal
Carlsbad	Kissingen	Saint-Galmier
Centerville	Kreuznach	Salzbrunn
Fachingen	Merano	Vichy
Friedrichshall	Potsdam	Wiesbaden

For the medicinal properties of each of the above Springs and the maladies in which it is beneficial, lists on diet, etc., see Free Booklet—"How to enjoy Mineral Spring Treatment at Home." Select the "Cure" your health needs and TEST IT FOR 6d.



BISHOP'S MINERAL WATER VARALETTES

Supplied in bottles of 50 for 1/6 or 150 for 3/6 by all Chemists.

To Advertise Them!

A special size bottle, price 6d., also booklet "How to Enjoy Mineral Spring Treatment at Home," sent post free on receipt of 6d. Address: Alfred Bishop, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 50, Spelman Street, London, E.1.

SEND THIS COUPON.

Please send 6d. bottle of Bishop's Mineral Water Varalettes and Booklet, for which I enclose 6d.

Name.....

Address.....

Series of which sample is required.....

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Brain workers and students, whose work makes heavy demands upon their nervous energy, need all the help that modern optical science can give them. Good books are useless without good eyesight.

The symptoms of eye-strain are so varied and so subtle that they are often unnoticed or put down to the wrong cause.

Consult a qualified optician. Properly prescribed glasses enable you to work with ease and comfort all through the day, and conserve enough energy for your leisure hours as well.

Send a postcard to the Secretary,
at the address below, for a free
copy of an interesting booklet,
"Eyesight and Income."

The Sign of Service



Issued by the
National Council for the Preservation of
Eyesight, 97, Cannon Street, E.C.4.

Top o' the morning

A Colgate shave is the best beginning you can have to any day. Colgate's Shave Stick helps the razor do its work and leaves you with a clean, cool face. Get your stick to-day.

Shaving Stick & Refill - 10d.
In bright nickel box - 1/-
Handy-Grip Stick - 1/3



**COLGATE'S
SHAVING STICK**
Softens every single hair.

Human Documents

A VICTIM of RED TAPE

The Children's Bread—Dual Personality—His First Slip

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelope. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

FIVE and a half years ago my husband was very ill with pneumonia, which left him with chronic asthma.

"He has been on the Panel ever since, his benefit being ten shillings per week after the first six months.

"We have spent pounds experimenting with various so-called cures, but the only remedy which affords him any real relief in his terrible attacks is a certain well-known preparation, in addition to which he has injections of another drug when the asthma attacks are very severe.

"For many months we purchased the former remedy at our own expense until the chemist pointed out that this was allowed through the Panel.

"Last week, while my husband was suffering from an acute attack, I sent to his Panel doctor (who, by the way, has been kindness itself and has really done everything possible for my husband), and he informed us that he was very sorry, but he had received a letter from the Ministry of Health forbidding him to prescribe the remedy in future.

"The doctor was authorised to prescribe another powder, which is not the least efficacious.

"I ask you, is this just or fair? My husband was demobilised after nearly five years' war service, and previous to being stricken down with pneumonia had never known one day's illness.

"But now he is suffering the agonies of asthma only those so afflicted can testify what such agonies are. Yet he is denied the relief to which he is justly entitled.

"I have a family of seven children all under the age of fourteen years. I must rear these and feed them, as well as my husband and myself, on the thirty shillings I receive in addition to the ten shillings which represents my husband's Panel money.

"In these circumstances, how can I possibly afford two-and-sixpence for my husband's medicine?

"My poor husband seems doomed to endure suffering or else buy his relief at the expense of his children's bread!"

"HUMANIST" says: I have every sympathy with your point of view. The subject was very aptly dealt with by a correspondent in our issue dated April 28, 1928. This is yet another illustration of certain Government Departments' ideas on economy, and the extent of their futility is exceeded only by the grossness of the cruelty towards the helpless victims of their short-sighted policy. Refer the matter to your M.P., who may be able to influence the Ministry to alter its decision.

I AM writing in the hope that you may be able to offer some solution to my terrible problem, which I will describe as briefly as possible.

"For several years I have been afflicted by somnambulistic tendencies in a very marked degree—rising from my bed and walking miles in scanty attire being one of the least of the distressing features of my condition, for my dreams are too shocking to relate.

"Several times have I escaped death by vehicular traffic and I always land in the hands of the police or hospital authorities. My uncanny experiences were described in a daily paper two or three years ago.

"In 1924 I was admitted to the local hospital suffering from a form of sleep sickness, but I have been sleep-walking ever since. Life has become one long terror.

"It was thought the climax was reached a few nights ago when the police rescued me from a deep pool into which I had stumbled and took me in an exhausted condition to the local hospital.

"Usually with some ambulists it is possible to place some hindrance in the way of any tragic outcome of their nocturnal wanderings.

"Not so with myself, for although of a docile disposition normally, asleep I am like a fiend and any obstruction such as fastening of doors and windows merely intensifies my ravings.

"Were I to commit a crime such as murder in this state, doubtless the law would prescribe that I should pay the full penalty, yet my appeal for help is as a voice crying in the wilderness. One London specialist inclined to the belief of a dual personality, but that does not suggest a remedy."

"HUMANIST" says: Yours is indeed an exceptional problem and my heart goes out to you in your distress, but do not despair. I think yours is a case which should go to treatment by psycho-analysis. Communicate with the specialist whose name I sent you by post.

TWELVE months ago my poor husband took his life. He had been unemployed for a considerable time and went to his native place with the object and hope of securing work.

"He paid a visit to his parents' home, at which he arrived half-faint with hunger and fatigue from long tramping and soaked to the skin with rain. In this condition his mother received him, but allowed him to proceed on his journey without so much as a cup of tea.

"My man's enforced idleness compelled me to put my own shoulder to the wheel, and I was fortunate in obtaining work with a Co-operative Camp.

"It was at this time I had news of my husband's tragic fate. We had run out of insurances and I was recommended to apply to his family for help with the funeral expenses.

"My husband was lying in the mortuary, but his mother ordered his removal, as was thought, to her home. I travelled north with my eldest boy to attend the funeral, only to learn on my arrival that this had already taken place.

"While on a visit to the district last month, I was told that the undertaker had taken my husband's body home on the 26th of the month, and he was buried on the 27th, the body meanwhile being placed in a shed all night.

"I think the crowning insult was when my 'in-laws' circulated the rumour that I refused to have anything to do with the funeral. I was merely denied the privilege owing to my poverty, therefore I would like to know how to refute these malicious statements."

"HUMANIST" says: Ignore the gossip. The opinion of associates of so callous a woman is worthless. A humane person would scorn to treat a dog with the heartlessness your mother-in-law meted out to her only son. She, probably, is indirectly responsible for his rash act.

I AM in desperation. I am worried and my nerves seem shattered. Beyond the range of my comprehension of the situation, brought about through yielding to a foolish impulse, then exists nothing but black despair. Yet I am only twenty-nine.

Stepping Aside
"Eight years ago my prospects were good, so far as employment was concerned, as my job was a responsible one on the railway.

"I was returning from a brief holiday, and while strolling about the platform waiting for my train, my attention was arrested by a bag lying unattended on a seat near-by. Temptation overcame me and, to put it bluntly, I took the article home, and deposited it with friends—so-called!

"The owner of the bag was communicated with, which resulted in my being brought before the magistrate to answer a charge of theft.

"On hearing my explanation, the magistrate remarked that it was a childish thing to do, yet he sentenced me to two months' imprisonment.

"Now my career seems smashed, for immediately I get work someone informs my employers of my lapse, and I am dismissed.

"My means is not so much on my own account as that of my widowed mother who has to exist on her pension of 15s. a week. It tears my heart that I cannot help her in her need."

"HUMANIST" says: You have paid dearly for your one foolish act. Have a chat with the Probation Officer, who will, probably, be able to find you work with employers prepared to extend a helping hand towards one who has slipped, paid and repented.

Safety First!

"Although I have been residing in my present house for nineteen years, only once have necessary repairs been executed. Now the place is in an insanitary condition, and the landlord is delaying repairs vitally necessary to health. Can I withhold my rent until they are carried out?"

"Humanist" says: No, you may not do that, but you should report the matter to the sanitary authorities.

Imposition

"My doctor sent me an account for 29s. 6d. for seven visits to my child and myself. Four of the visits were unnecessary, but my worry is that I cannot pay yet, and a debt-collecting agency has written demanding payment not only of the bill but of 3s. for their services in collecting the debt."

"Humanist" says: Ignore the "fearful" and offer the doctor payment by reasonable instalments. No costs are payable until proceedings have actually been instituted in court.

Widow's Rights

"My father recently died leaving a will. My mother predeceased him by several years, but my father remarried, and I wish to know whether my step-mother can legally claim anything from his estate."

"Humanist" says: If your father died after December 31, 1925, your step-mother may claim the whole of the furniture and household effects, plus £1,000 in value.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY THE PHENOMENA OFFER
On receipt of P.O. for 10s. 6d. (Carriage 1s. extra), we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" Brussels **REAL SEANILES WOVEN**

F. Hodgson & Sons will send to the illustrated Catalogue of Brussels, Wilton, etc., Carpets and Rugs, Table Linens, etc., post free to any reader of this paper.



CARPETS (GUARANTEED GENUINE BRUSSELS), suitable for Drawing-rooms, Dining-rooms, Bedrooms, &c. Handloomed in new Turkey patterns (see illustration) and fashionable shades of (Vermilion, Green, Blue, and Art) colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets, with **THICK PILE**, will be sent out as **Handloomed Carpets**. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a specialty of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and "Solicited Testimonials" received.

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8 BLANKETS 21/-
The Lot, packed free and sent on receipt of amount. Money returned in full if not fully satisfied.

1 Yorkshire Coloured White Tulle Blanket, thick, warm, soft and comfortable, well finished and edged. Extra large size, 60 by 70 in.
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TYPE H.M.G. H.T. ACCUMULATOR

60VOLTS WITH TAPPING 3,000 MILLIAMPS HRS. PRICE 42/6 Supplied Fully Charged

Until this Radio user saw the new C.A.V. H.T. Accumulator he refused to use anything but dry batteries, although realising that a wet H.T. would give purer reception with greater volume, and would cost less than any other form of H.T. supply. This latest C.A.V. design has removed his only possible objection. It is the most compact H.T. and can be stored in the cabinet of his receiver.

All radio users objecting to unsightly batteries placed about the floor should write for full particulars of the H.M.G. or inspect one at their local dealers.

C.A.V. Low Tension Accumulators in glass and cellulose containers need no introduction. Supplied in all useful capacities.

Dimensions: Length 23 1/2 in. Width 3 3/4 in. Height 5 1/2 in.

C.A.V. & Co. Ltd. ACTON, LONDON, W.3

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"SOME time ago I was a martyr to Anæmia and got into a very run-down and nervous condition. Nothing seemed to do me any good, though I tried numerous preparations. Then I was told to try Phosferine, and after only a few days' trial I noticed an improvement in my health. I persevered, and in less than a month I was a new woman. That terrible feeling of lassitude left me, and I regained my strength, and the colour came back to my face, my whole nervous system was built up and my health entirely restored. My husband and all the children find Phosferine a safeguard against winter colds and threatened Influenza. At the first approach of colds, neuralgic pains or loss of appetite, we resort to Phosferine and it never fails."—Mrs. Miller, 140, South-end Lane, Bellingham, Kent.



From the very first day you take **PHOSFERINE** you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is not a "drug." It contains no aspirin (acetyl salicylic acid), cannot affect the heart or teeth, and does not cause constipation. It is given to the children with equally good results.

The addition of a few drops of Phosferine to any soft drinks, such as lime juice, lemonade, etc., is very pleasant and most beneficial.

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fog	Headache
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From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size. Therefore you will save nearly 2/- by buying the larger size.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every one is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODDINGS PRESS LTD., Proprietors of "John Bull."

FREE BILLIARD TABLES 32 Given away WRITE FOR DETAILS and FREE Price List.

Never a dull moment with a "RILEY" in the home!

FOR A FREE PAYMENT OF 14/- Riley's will deliver to your door their popular 4ft. "Home" Billiard Table to rest on your dining table, and allow 7 days' play to test it. You will certainly be delighted, and decide to keep it to brighten the winter evenings. Other sizes and prices are:—

3/2.	4ins.	2	3/2.	4ins.	57	0	0
3/2.	4ins.	2	3/2.	10ins.	60	0	0
3/2.	4ins.	2	3/2.	4ins.	111	15	0
3/2.	4ins.	2	3/2.	10ins.	115	0	0
3/2.	4ins.	2	3/2.	4ins.	121	10	0

or in 10 monthly payments of 8/6, 11/6, 14/6, 18/6, 22/6.

You pay as you play and 7 days' Free Trial Guarantee Satisfaction

Riley's "Combination" Billiard and Dining Tables are also sent on 7 days' trial, and can be had in oak or mahogany in a variety of designs to match your furniture. Cash prices from £25 10s., or in easy monthly payments. Riley's are also the largest makers of full size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Estimates Free.

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RILEY'S GIVE 7 DAYS' Free Trial! (pay carriage and return air freight on return)



Showing Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table.

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

Great New Discovery.



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**"It Is Such a Relief
After Years of Pain."**

"My leg is completely cured thanks to Elasto; all swelling and pain gone and I am able to walk about and do my work as though I had never had a bad leg. It is such a relief after years of pain. I have had doctors, have attended hospital and have laid up for months at a stretch, all to no purpose, and yet Elasto has quickly and completely cured me without any need for resting; it is wonderful.

"Elasto has been a godsend to me and you may publish my letter for the benefit of other sufferers, who I do hope will send for your splendid treatment. Thank you very much for your kind attention and wonderful cure."

(Sgd.) Mrs. S. ELDRIDGE.
28, Morden Street,
Rochester, Kent.

What is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised.

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Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

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Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with five sample and copies of recent testimonials.

Write for three to-day—Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and commence your cure without delay.

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Coall House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ELASTO CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD!

Our Letter Parliament

WE WILL NOT FIGHT!

Death-traps—Suicidal Folly—Money from Waste

YOUR leading article, "The Last Blow at Murder" (JOHN BULL, August 25), is not only the finest thing of its kind I have ever seen in my life; it is a most powerful blow at war itself. I fought in the last war. I shall not err again. War (or murder as you rightly call it) can be shattered by publicity against its agony and suffering. What sane man would not be a pacifist when he has seen his own and other countrymen knee-deep in Flanders mud, and others buried beneath it? Our cry must be: "WE WILL NOT FIGHT!"—*Mons to Pusschendaele.*

Press Boycott?

The main thing in the cause of peace is to get the support of the Press because it is they who are the chief moulders of public opinion. During the war we learned how effectively the Press could guide—and misguide—the peoples of the world. Their support in the cause of peace is essential. Could you call a Press conference to discuss their attitude in the event of threatened war?—*D. Anderson, Boro' Hospital, Hyde, Cheshire.*

Facts

To make the Peace Pact complete, each and every Britisher should be constantly reminded of the following facts and figures from the last war:—British people killed, 946,023; wounded, 2,421,000. Merchant shipping destroyed: 9,031,000 tons. Cost to the British people: £9,500,000,000; unemployed: 1,300,000. What if we had lost that war? Was it worth it?—*Onor-Bil.*

School Barrage

May I suggest to parents of children who will be back at school shortly that they address a letter to the head, asking that a short talk on the "Outlawry of War" be given to the scholars, impressing the importance and urgency of the proposals for peace. The future of the Kellogg pact is entirely in the hands of the boys and girls now at school.—*W. T., Hepworth.*

The Peace Paper

It is good to know that so influential a journal as JOHN BULL is in the forefront of the movement for peace. That being so, not the least service to the "No More War" crusade would be to introduce JOHN BULL to one's friends and acquaintances who are unfamiliar with this persuasive peace paper. Those who, like myself, are absolute pacifists should support in every possible way those papers that urge their readers to be resisters of war.—*H. Winter, 190, Dalton Road, Barron-in-Furness.*

The First 100,000

Let JOHN BULL in an early issue publish a form bearing a declaration to the effect that the person who signs the declaration will have nothing to do with war in any capacity. You would get a great many declarations signed and posted to you, and the first 100,000 would form a nucleus around which a great army of war-resisters could make their opposition to legalised murder felt throughout the whole world.—*L. F., Redditch.*

A Big Job

Could not JOHN BULL, now so widely read and always foremost in good causes, form a J.B. Peace League, whose members are pledged to abstain from taking any active part either in fighting or assisting in the making of war materials, or any service of any kind that tends to promote war or the war spirit. Rather a large order I know, but something drastic has to be done if we want to kill the spirit of war and all it means.—*Arthur H. Cardairs.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published and one guinea for the most original and constructive. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

A New Covenant

If every man and woman were pledged to the following, war would be impossible:—"I refuse to kill your father. I refuse to slay your mother's son. I refuse to plunge a bayonet into the breast of your sister's brother. I refuse to slaughter your sweetheart's lover. I refuse to butcher your little child's father. I refuse to wet the earth with blood and blind kind eyes with tears. I refuse to assassinate you and then hide my stained lists in the folds of my flag.—War—What For? Chapelhall.

[The above letter has been awarded the special prize of one guinea.]

M.O.P.

I would suggest the formation of a "Modern Order of Pacifists," the objects of which, would be an endeavour to mop (M.O.P.) up some of the blood and squalor of past wars, and in this endeavour to keep up a "No more War" policy ever before the public. A small annual subscription might be made, from which sums could be set aside for the alleviation of war sufferers.—*J. W. Simpson, Hon. Sec. North Lambeth Liberal Assn.*

Nightmare Memories

I speak from bitter experience of the war, for I was at Vim three miles in front of Mons, on the first day. I have seen big men terrified and shaking from head to foot at the prospect of an attack. Some of my comrades were killed, some went mad, some came out broken and maimed. I will die rather than support another war.—*41 Years' Service, Gillingham.*

Typical of Thousands

My health and career were both seriously injured in the last dreadful affair, so I know something of the terrors and horrors of war. Please do not think I have no patriotism left. I yield to none in my love and admiration for this dear old land. I will help you in any way I can. If you arrange a petition, I shall be delighted to sign it.—*J. Still, Ramsgate.*

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."] "BAKERS' RECORD":—"... trouser pocket is supposed to be thief-proof. It is an ordinary pocket but in it are HARES, HORSES AND GIRAFFES."

"WREXHAM LEADER":—"Lost, THREE WELSH COUPLES, marked red on head and rump. . . . Farm, Caergwile."

"STAFFORDSHIRE WEEKLY SENTINEL":—"After the ceremony 450 guests sat down on THE WEDDING BREAKFAST."

"DAILY MAIL":—"Thousands of COSTLY WOMEN'S DRESSES were ruined by mud and rain."

"BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE":—"A reader sends a large moth for identification. It may not be out of place to utter a word of caution about THIS POISONOUS REPTILE."

"DAILY NEWS AND WESTMINSTER GAZETTE":—"The letter conveyed by air was delivered ten minutes ahead of the omnibus" WHICH WENT BY AIR."

The Museum

The Houses of Parliament are open to visitors on Saturdays, free, but when Parliament is not in session, why not open them to the public on other days, with an admission fee to be devoted to charity? In this way, a large amount of money could be raised.—*A. Sturdy, Southsea.*

That's the Ticket

It is good news that a London motor-coach firm has approached the railway companies for the issue of a combined rail-road ticket. The provisions of the Railway Companies Bill allow of such co-operation. Given effective working our roads and rails can provide the finest transport system in the world.—*Traveller, Scotland.*

Sharp Suggestion

A great deal of good is being done by associations collecting silver paper and foil for the hospitals. What is being done with the millions of used safety razor blades? Surely they are of some value for resmelting, and a few tons could easily be collected every week for the hospitals. In most cases I find them consigned to the dust-bin.—*H. Cockburn.*

Tragic Inaction

The medical attendants of two suicides admitted that they had reason to believe that the deceased men would take their own lives, but asserted that they were powerless to take any action to prevent the tragedies. Might one suggest that in cases of this description the doctor shall have power to consult an independent authority and, with his concurrence, have the patient removed to safe keeping?—*W. Lamb, Wimbledon.*

Level Crossing Perils

That the authorities show no sign of dealing with the level-crossing menace is a fact which is both amazing and disturbing. With appalling frequency tragedies which horrify the country are reported from one or other of these death-traps. There are at least two ways of dealing with the danger-points—by bridge, or by tunnelling beneath them.—*J. C. P., Edinburgh.*

Roubles and Boobs

Statistics show that since May, 1927, our exports to Russia have decreased by one-half, or 20,000,000 roubles. For the same period German exports to Russia have doubled, and from America exports to Russia have increased from 42,800,000 roubles to 56,300,000 roubles. As this has occurred since the raid on Arcos in May, 1927, it is quite evident that our statesmen committed an unpardonable act of folly.—*D. Anderson, Hyde.*

Foster Brothers

Why not a variation of the "Big Brother" movement here at home? Let leisured or business men each make themselves responsible for an unemployed man and advise him of any openings that he hears of in his daily intercourse. In the course of paying business calls I frequently hear of odd jobs such as house painting, furniture moving, gardening, digging and other unskilled work which householders want done in an emergency, and would willingly employ a steady chap down on his luck if recommended by another "Big Brother."—*A. H. Wood, 27 Park Avenue, Waltham.*

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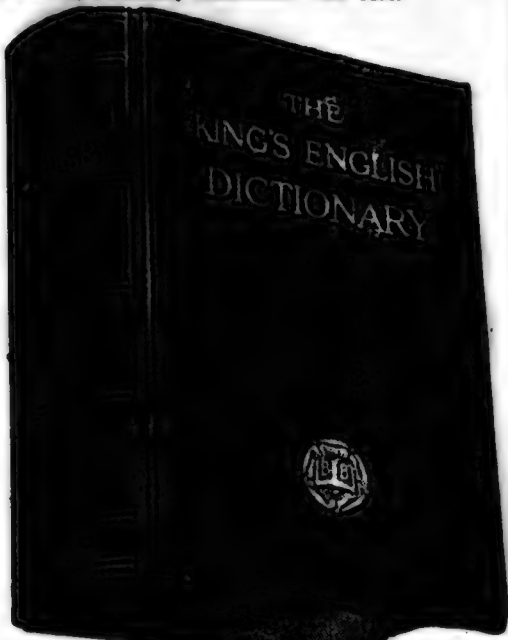
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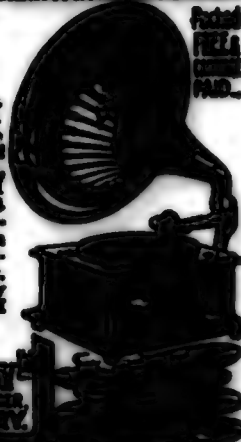
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Last Words on FINAL "CLASSIC" Cyclonic Best to Stand

WITH so little space at my disposal and the last of the "Classics" approaching fast, it is advisable to cut the cackle and come to the horses.

AT York last week Flamingo did not appear to have much in hand of Hartford, but I think that both Sir Laurence Philipps' colt and Cyclonic will outstay Fairway. Cyclonic has been growing in favour ever since his victory at Goodwood, and, oddly enough, Hartford was also the runner-up on that occasion. Cyclonic gave the Manton colt 21 lb. and won in storming fashion. Flamingo only conceded 16 lb. and scored hard pressed. I gave Basil Jarvis' colt three weeks ago and I cannot pass him over now. My 1, 2, 3 read:



Basil Jarvis, trainer of Cyclonic

CYCLONIC .. 1
FLAMINGO .. 2
FAIRWAY .. 3

I hope Cyclonic will live up to his name.

MANCHESTER stages a high-class programme this week, with the Prince Edward Handicap the feature of the meeting. A trio which appeals to me comprises The Brown Talisman, Royal Pom and Gioconda, and if the last-named puts all in I think the prize will go to Manton. She is leniently treated even on her best form. The Palatine Nursery appears to be a gift for the unlucky Norada.

ANOTHER interesting event is Derby's Peveril of the Peak Plate. At the moment of writing I do not know if F. Darling will saddle his pair of acceptors. Blue Boy and Golden Chalice, but as they are in different ownership there is no reason why both should not be slipped. My selection is Darling's selected, but I have a slight preference for Golden Chalice if both face the starter.

RACING will always be a paradox. I think it must be the only sport at which it can be more profitable to lose than to win. York supplied a case in point when Optimist, owned by Mr. F. Darling, beat Mr. J. B. Joel's Waterwillowilly in the Hous Selling Plate and was purchased after the victory by Mr. R. Day for 2,100 guineas.

THIS strange position is brought about by the conditions of selling races and the huge price paid for Optimist.

"SILVER RING'S" code selections at York were
RESIDUE .. won 6/1
FOX RIVER .. won 9/2
Portland, second, 8/1; Stolcal, third, 100/8, and two unplaced.

Of the 2,100 guineas given by R. Day, the odd shillings go to the auctioneer, and the remaining £2,100 (less £200) is divided between Mr. Joel, as owner of the second, and the race fund.

SO in this instance Mr. Joel received £950, plus second prize of £10, and he has still Waterwillowilly in his stables. F. Darling, the winner, received £186—the value of the race—and the £200 for which Optimist was entered to be sold. Against this, too, he has lost the best selling plate of the season.

MY correspondent in Paris is amused at the agitation which crops up every now and again that there is too much racing in England. He tells me that in France in the summer months it is not unusual to have thirty or more different meetings on the Sunday; and as many as ten per day during the week, mostly in the holiday resorts. The strange thing is that all these meetings pay.

BY the way, have you entered for The People's Great New Football Competition? The absolute fairness of the competition has made an instantaneous appeal to the sporting instinct of football enthusiasts. Every competitor gets an equal chance—there are no mass entries—no syndicates—no stacks of coupons. The competition is not run in conjunction with any other paper—it is open to readers of The People only. The big cash prizes are offered for skill alone.

"SILVER RING."

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A C B D M H G K L V P U O 2

X J Q Z I Y E 3 F T W R N S

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in The Sporting Life read those above or below the line, as the case may be. UNHXF WNI would read ROYAL POM.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, September 5, to Tuesday, September 11.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, The Sporting Life publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of The Sporting Life Weekly Edition. Don't miss them.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Newcastle, Preston, Tottenham, West Bromwich, Plymouth, Celtic.
5 HOME.—Burnley Hull, West Bromwich, Swindon, Celtic.
4 HOME.—Notts Forest, Tottenham, Plymouth, Swindon.
3 AWAY.—Huddersfield, Motherwell, Hearts.
3 DRAWS.—Sheffield W. v. Sunderland, Bristol C. v. Swansea, Hibernians v. Falkirk.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—West Bromwich, Swindon, Celtic, Motherwell, Glasgow Rangers.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Tottenham, Hearts, Halifax v. Stockport.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUES I AND II).—Burnley, Newcastle, Preston, Tottenham, West Bromwich.

FORECASTS FOR SEPTEMBER 15.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Aston Villa, Blackburn, Derby, Everton, Huddersfield, Sheffield U., Sunderland.
AWAY WINNER.—Liverpool.
DRAWS.—Bury v. Burnley, Leicester v. West Ham.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Chelsea, Grimsby, Millwall, Oldham, Swansea, Wolverhampton.
AWAY WINNERS.—West Bromwich, Port Vale.
DRAWS.—Notts County v. Tottenham, Southampton v. Preston.
THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III (Northern).
HOME WINNERS.—Aston, Darlington, Doncaster, Nelson, South Shields, Tranmere, Stockport.
AWAY WINNERS.—Accrington, Carlisle.
DRAWS.—Barrow v. Halifax, Wigan v. Hartlepool.
THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III (Southern).
HOME WINNERS.—Bournemouth, Brighton, Exeter, Norwich, Queen's Park Rangers, Southend, Watford, Walsall.
AWAY WINNERS.—Luton, Swindon.
DRAWS.—Bristol R. v. Plymouth.
THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.—Ayr, Clyde, Dundee, Hearts, Motherwell, Queen's Park, St. Mirren.
AWAY WINNERS.—Celtic, Aberdeen.
DRAWS.—Third Lanark v. St. Johnstone.

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A few weeks ago I was suffering with toothache very badly, and I took two 'ASPRO's. I saw on the directions booklet that, for toothache, I should take one 'ASPRO' in half an hour, and I did so. I feel two tablets on the aching tooth and the pain disappeared instantly. I am sure you would be of any use in your directions you may do so.

I remain, Yours obediently,
(Signed) S. HAYES.

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(Signed) A. E. WATNEY.

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10. It reduces temperature in 5 minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Train, at Home, or Business—anywhere—anytime.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while over taken.
14. It stops the 12 after-effects of alcohol.

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THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

B. R. (Taplow).—"He was too fat to run fast." More waist, less speed.

S. N. (Southall).—"A man can't get rich without working." But he can jolly well work without getting rich.

G. A. (Essex).—"I've always been the favourite son." Your parents must have very poor judgment.

KATIE (Hammer Smith).—"I never go to a dance but someone treads on my feet." You're a stamp collector!

G. A. (New Zealand).—"I'm returning to Manchester after thirty years' absence." Well, you'll find it's still raining.

G. L. P. (Golders Green).—"Do right and fear no man." Don't write and don't fear us.

Mrs. P. (Sunningdale).—"I'd be glad if you'd give me a wrinkle or two." We will leave the years to do that.

JESSIE (Horne Hill).—"Some men marry for money." While the others can't explain why they married.

NED F. (Bradford).—"Kissing is absolutely dangerous." Britons were ever a brave race.

E. G. (Ripon).—"I'm in a fix through my landlady's daughter's delusions." We fear you've been hugging that delusion.

D. H. (Molesey).—"Ours is a model marriage." One a treasure and the other a treasurer?

JESSIE (Market Weighton).—"You'll see I am growing older and uglier." Impossible! Only older.

S. T. (Coventry).—"We shall sell this car by the hundred." At how much per hundred?

CURIOUS (Dunkirk).—"Will JOHN BULL ever be sold?" Yes, next Wednesday to nearly a million and a half.

Y. B. (Pershore).—"London telephone numbers always seem 'engaged.'" The wrong ones don't.

T. A. (Market Rasen).—"I can never find anything after my wife has done cleaning." But you appear to find something to grumble about!

W. W. (Sandwich).—"Young men should take their hats off to the past." It won't help them unless they take their coats off to the future.

F. B. (Piccadilly).—"You refused to look when I nodded my head at you." Sorry, sonny. The noise of the traffic prevented us hearing it rattle.

Miss D. (Kew).—"She won't see me though she wrote to say I could call when I pleased." It is evident you don't please.

L. K. (Aylesbury).—"I'd like to meet a man who would help me to get on." Look in the mirror and you'll see the only one who can.

C. C. (Honiton).—"I often wonder why I don't give way and drown my sorrow." Probably because she's bigger and stronger than you are.

L. B. (Barlow).—"He is very full of himself." He should diet.

TRADER (Hull).—"I make my work a pleasure." That's good business.

MAC. (Aberdeen).—"I went to my daughter's wedding." And did you throw confetti?

CIS. (Barnsley).—"My body is in Barnsley but my soul is in London." Work a bit harder to keep them together.

P. L. (Kensington).—"How can I become a good novelist?" One method is to write good novels.

L. C. (Amersham).—"I am going to lecture in the United States." Serve them right.

S. T. (Baldock).—"My neighbour will persist in running down my garden." Why don't you trip him up?

A. J. (Finsbury).—"What would you do if you woke up and found four rats in your bedroom?" Sign the pledge!

L. M. (Warrington).—"I get no holiday this summer." What a pity. And just the summer we are having a summer!

A. T. (Nottingham).—"I am learning boxing by post." You don't write a very good list yet.

C. P. (Wolverhampton).—"The end of the world prophets are always wrong." Still, they get nearer with each guess.

L. M. (Hayes).—"What is an editor?" A man who guards his readers from people like you.

R. Y. (Paddington).—"There is room in the world for everything." Ever tried to motor into Brighton on a Sunday?

L. B. (Canvey).—"Do you read all the letters sent to you?" All. We shirk no unpleasant duties.

C. T. (Aylesbury).—"I saw a funny looking fellow in your waiting-room." That was the mirror.

C. T. (Warwick).—"Politics bore me." Politics bore politicians when they have to listen to other politicians talking politics.

Mrs. R. (Manchester).—"Did the cakes I sent do for you?" No, but one we gave the office boy nearly did for him.

T. E. (Bath).—"English sportsmen are the best losers in the world." Yes, but just look at the practice they have had.

A. V. (Chesham).—"When I came home the gate-posts were down and the fence smashed." Our guess is that your wife is learning to drive.

F. N. (Brighton).—"There are more girls in bathing costume this year." Yes, but not so much of each girl in each costume.

A. N. (Chorley Wood).—"Nobody should worry at meals." Some cooks, however, produce steak that cannot be eaten by any other method than worrying.

B. N. J. (Aylton).—"My wife and I are always of one mind." Hers?

C. W. (Strathaven).—"Can you tell me a certain winner?" Hard work.

T. B. R. (Gosport).—"He has a very wide smile." He evidently parts his face in the middle.

C. P. (Jarrow).—"You can see that his heart is in its right place." He must be very thin.

A. R. (Liverpool).—"He is very proud now that he has a motor-cycle combination." A "side" car.

P. L. A. (Leeds).—"I have now got a post with a lady temperance lecturer." As the horrible example?

F. M. (Ramsgate).—"My wife always whispers when she wants anything." And shouts if she doesn't get it?

M. E. D. (Warwick).—"I have bought a splendid new motor-car." How many pedestrians to the gallon?

O. B. T. (Doncaster).—"I am behind with my studies." Why don't you pursue them?

T. N. V. (Walthamstow).—"Whilst walking, a wasp stung me." Avoid wasps when they are out walking.

C. C. J. (Birkenhead).—"My brother married for money." You, we gather, were just unlucky.

D. N. (Brechtin).—"Women carry their years lightly." Well, think of the number they drop!

MILLIE (Chorlton-cum-Hardy).—"I am going to act for the films." Have you the face to do that?

Mrs. J. (Swanwick).—"Our ancestors sprang from wild beasts." We bet you would, too.

MODERATE DRINKER (Bognor).—"I always stand in a public-house." But not much, we guess.

VISITOR (Bloombury).—"I am quite pleased with London." London is feeling awfully bucked.

S. B. (Bradford).—"The spectators at the boxing match came to blows." What a bad example to set the pugilists!

B. V. (New Cross).—"I bought a car at the last Motor Show at Olympia." To carry all your catalogues home?

NELLIE (King's Cross).—"I went to Southend to see the sea." Who misled you so shamefully?

G. R. (Whitstable).—"I believe in following a good example." There are thirty-two on page 35—follow one with a good *Bullet* and win £500.

D. N. (Liverpool).—"The porter told me, 'Change at Aberdeen.'" What a sell! Of course, they never give change there.

A. C. C. (Warwick).—"My wife left me ten years ago, and has not come back." Evidently she is annoyed about something.

B. K. (Bradford).—"The next door baby cries all day and their dog howls all night." That should make you sit up.

L. B. (Cottingham).—"I don't drink, smoke, go to the theatre, cinema or restaurants, and I've just celebrated my fiftieth birthday." How on earth did you celebrate it?

Mrs. G. (Southend).—"When on holiday, I make my child cling to my skirt when walking." You must be old-fashioned to be wearing a skirt he can reach.

G. B. (Totnes).—"I regret to say my son's word is not to be relied upon." Evidently a born racing tipster.

M. R. (Henley).—"What are the essential grounds for a divorce?" A wife.

F. M. (New Cross).—"I never attend football matches." We don't care much for community singing either.

P. B. (Warrington).—"Insects often change their mates." What a rude name to apply to cinema stars!

T. F. K. (Hertford).—"I could tell you what to do." And we could tell you where to go.

SANDY (Dundee).—"I was the chief mourner." How much did he owe you?

L. B. R. (Clarenbridge).—"It's never too late to learn." Except when we learn too late.

E. D. (Salford).—"I resigned from the committee." Thought you could sit on it by declining to sit on it.

ALBERT (Reading).—"How can I restore an old mackintosh?" Parcel it up and post it to its owner.

S. B. (Clapton).—"They poured brandy down my throat when I was unconscious." Hard luck!

A. P. J. (Sheffield).—"My play is bound to be a success." How many London managers have refused it?

Mrs. A. (Hartlepool).—"My husband is a most obstinate man." Won't he admit you're right when he knows you're wrong?
(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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BETTER** and **CHEAPER**

35/-

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Depression	Buoyant Energy	IN 10 to 15 MINS.
Disordered Stomach	Bodily Comfort	IN 10 to 15 MINS.

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